

MAY 1973 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE  50¢

Macleans

Pierre Vallières: A rebel comes in from the cold
Farley Mowat on the mystique of the tundra
Joyce Davidson Susskind: Her room at the top



Death of a Great Spirit: Canada's Indians speak out



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Learning From The Indians: Justice, Survival And A State Of Grace

BY PETER C. NEWMAN

First the white man slaughtered North America's Indians, then he herded them into reservations where they languished, dying of penitence of the mind. But there's nothing gentle about the new generation of Canada's Indian leaders and three of its best writers, whose impressive statements lead off this issue. They've promised total (even for vanished states and dominions) of the numerous treaties that guaranteed their rights "as long as the waters shall flow." Instead they are demanding — with the dignity and strength that go with just anger — that we not only recognize but treat them as equals. The odds that will have to be overcome before this is achieved are quantified in the statistical table on page 29. Perhaps the most telling figure is the one that points out the fact: 146 expectancy of a Canadian Indian is 74. Some 87% of all Canadian Indians live in substandard homes, without running water or indoor plumbing.

Ottawa's most recent effort to deal with this abomination was the White Paper of 1981, which for all its good intentions would have meant the dismantling and loss of any separate cultural identity for Canada's 262,000 Indians. It failed to recognize special aboriginal rights, and more important granted the Indians little opportunity to administer the government programs that were their. "Men like my grandfather were savages of their people," states George Manuel, president of the National Indian Brotherhood. "The ones who replaced them were savages of the Crown. That difference in allegiance, in values and goals, underlies everything that is happening in Indian communities today." The simplistic notion of the technocrat in Ottawa that Indians can be turned into dark-skinned white men by the removal of a few legal and administrative barriers runs run to the point that Indian savagery, especially after a century of worship, are not the same as ours.

Since 1969 Indian Affairs Minister Jean Chrétien has been showed enough to retreat from many of his original con-

tinuism, though most of the annual reform measures have come out of the Secretary of State's Department. Ottawa has recognized that special programs must be created in Canada's 400,000 non-status Indians and Métis. Core funding has become available for Indian community groups and some indigenous educational institutions. Ottawa has slowly begun to recognize that government departments should not be the final arbiter or even the gatekeeper for Indian decisions. The most important breakthrough was the Supreme Court of Canada's split ruling over Nulna claims to the Nass River Valley in British Columbia which prompted Prime Trudeau to recognize his previously offhand demand of aboriginal rights. Out of this belated recognition that the Indians are one of Canada's "founding races" with negotiable claims for compensation of past injustices, may come an honorable long-term settlement. At present, however, the Indians are not equal in the eyes of the law. There is no longer any difference between the Indians and Indian people and becoming part of Canadian society.

But nothing significant is likely to happen as long as the politicians and bureaucrats approach the Indians in little more than a special interest group that can be sorted into quiescence. Maybe we should be dealing with the Indians in the context that they have at least as much to teach us as we can have to impart to them. Terry McLaughlin, in his recent *Touch The Earth*, wrote: "For many generations, the Indians learned how to live in America in a state of balance, not, as a Christian would say, in a state of grace. It is well understood that the only decent future for those of us who live in North America is through a redoubt of our environment. We need to establish a right relationship with the land and its resources, otherwise, the destruction of the Indians will be followed by the destruction of nature, and in the destruction of nature will follow the destruction of ourselves." ■

MACLEAN'S

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BY WALTER STEWART



James Richardson

Contracts And Clout

There are two roads to power in Ottawa — clout and crony. The politician with clout is the one who can deliver at election time — Jean Mackintosh, helping the Liberals swing home in Quebec. Don Jamieson, steering the Tory side in Newfoundland. Clout is universally recognized, mutually negotiable. Rarely is something else. Cronyism and whooping cranes are both beautiful birds, but whooping cranes are valued more highly. James Richardson, Minister of National Defence, millwright, western Liberal, has every A Liberal MP standing on the Ontario border and gazing westward, will see only three others of his species on this side of the Rocky Mountains: Otto Lang, Minister of Justice, in Saskatoon; Joseph Gray, MP, in St. Boniface; and James A. Richardson, in Winnipeg. Rare birds there and valued men. And of them all, the most valued is Richardson.

I'm setting all this down to explain why a fairly ordinary politician has become the object of such keen scrutiny in Ottawa. When a newspaper article proposed Richardson as a possible rival to Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, the public's reaction to Prime Minister Trudeau, copies of the article blossomed in the lobbies of executive assistants, civil servants and journalists, and talk of Richardson as a successor became defensible at once in this power-frenzied circle.

It was quite a turnaround. When Richardson came here in 1968, he was not impressive, he was shy, bristly, awkward. But there weren't many choices, and he went into the cabinet as Minister of Labour Protection. His performance recently was not rewarded, as one of the few western Liberals, with the Department of Supply and Services. Then, he turned himself into the government spokesman for the West and propelled himself into the defence portfolio and now, a place on the list of leadership contenders.

Richardson, as prime minister is a long, long shot. He has only a narrow power-base — unlike the real contenders, Turner and Jamieson, and energy minister Don Macdonald — he's not a particularly effective campaigner, his performance in the House of Commons is uneven, and his speeches are sometimes downright embarrassing ("I, as opposed, the genuine target of one of the secret poisonings of the nation"). What's more, he is not nearly the ally of big business — he is big business. He is known as the cabinet minister who had to give up the most discredited (13) laws when he set forth his political doctrine for the Conservative — "The degree of confidence which business and government have in each other will ultimately determine the economic success of our whole society" — he stalked out a

person that has not been politically popular since the days of C. D. Howe. No, Richardson as prime minister can hardly be taken seriously. But Richardson as a political force is very real. More than the Minister of Defence, he is the minister for Canada West, the unadmitted spokesman for prairie power. Who got the new seat transferred to Manitoba after blatherings were prepared showing it behind the government printing house in Hull? Who landed three weapons contracts for Winnipeg? Who forced a revision of government purchasing policies which aimed, this year, at \$700 million more for western Canada and \$50 million for the Maritimes? Richardson. That's who.

His speech on the Throne Debate, his line as defence minister, was neatly divided, five minutes on defence matters, 20 minutes on "western economic opportunities." He was heavily applauded by those opponents MPs for whom he is not a distant one of these — but a westerner — one of us. "You're a great guy, Jim," shouted Edmonton Tory Steve Paproski. "There are not many like you left in western Canada."

What Richardson wants is a four-pronged action — Canada East (the Atlantic provinces, usually, Ontario, Quebec and Canada West — such government purchasing and defence contracts shared out on something like a top-to-top basis. The grievance is real, as Minister of Supply, he noted that 85% of all government defence contracts go to Ontario and Quebec, while western Canada, with 27% of the nation's popu-

lation, got less than 10% of the goodies. That's why Richardson sought, and won, a commitment to regional purchasing. That's why, as Minister of Defence, he says that any firm that wants to bid on the \$600 million contract for an aircraft to replace the aging Argus must promise to do some of the work in Canada West and the Atlantic provinces.

It is his theme, a familiar one in western Canada because it rests on historical fact, that "our buying power is helping to build the industrial strength of southern Ontario." And, to correct this inequity, he would like to see the government's purchasing policies "so ordered that federal buying is each of (the) first regions would, in percentage terms at least, approach the population of those regions."

Richardson speaks of the need to decentralize, but no term has appeared in Cape Breton, nor are numerous contractors doing in on Charlottetown. He is not a Diefenbaker like, say, Claude Ryan, calling for the emergence of a new confederation, he is an intensely practical politician, wanting to know what's in it for the boys back home. His personal friendship are westerners like Clifford Sifton and Jimmy Gardiner, the champions of their own section of the country. In fact, Richardson is so regional that he has Maritime MPs worried: they think that his new secondary way make their neglected pilot even harder to cultivate.

Harold Sison of the Halifax Chronicle-Wreath says these gloom in prior with a worry that Richardson, "with his undoubted and surprising ability, may make the East pay for the economic difficulties of the West, by beginning to resemble one who has become so obsessed by the fever of his quest that he turns deaf and blind to the legitimate needs of others."

Otto Lang, the other prairie minister, lacks that regional fever like is a Trudeau man — during the election, his bulldozers showed them together, while Richardson ran as if the Liberal party was only an ugly common enemy — and when he used to prove that he understood the West by pointing out that he grew up in wheat country, John Diefenbaker snorted "So does a gopher, but it doesn't understand wheat either."

Richardson is different, he speaks for the West not only in cliché but in contracts. As it happens, this is a good time to be a regional politician, and that is why, more for what he stands for than for what he is, he has whittled down all these bright Ontario and Quebec MPs who came to Ottawa with less weight to the inner sanctum of power. He may never occupy 34 Sussex Drive, but he is heard and heeded there.

And that is a rarity indeed. ■



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We want you to know more about us.

BY JACK LUDWIG

Too frequently our experience is that intense concentration to an image on the television screen showing a war, a crash, a murder, an embrace, somebody winning, somebody losing. The image glows, taut like a wire. Another image interposes. Perhaps a happy commercial or that single grin cut in which Dudley's blotted out his insurance. Most news shows have no image. Magazines rarely follow up even the most important developments and analysis. Newspapers don't go in for the long-hand staff much either. Therefore I welcome the chance to look again at one of our most important events of the past year: the Team Canada-USSR series. I don't qualify the statement to mean only sport events because, as I indicated in my *Maclean's* December article, *Team Canada Is War And Peace*, I think the series had much to say to us beyond the hockey itself.

The season's play on the whole paralleled the player selection for Team Canada. Phil Esposito was, at least, far ahead of his closest pursuers in the scoring race. Bobby Clarke, after an excellent season, was having the best scoring show of his short NHL career. Of the first dozen or so scores toward the end of the regular season all but five — Jacques Lemaire, Rick MacLeish, Johnny Bucyk, and Pat Maroon — were members of Team Canada, though one of these, Bobby Orr, had been injured and didn't play, while another, Marcel Dionne, didn't suit up against the USSR. Ken Dryden was leading in the category of shut outs: seven greater per game through the "Tennis" series might have taught organized hockey. I wondered if Canada would learn anything from the USSR's coaching, conditioning and pacing of its players; so, even waiting from a goal until people understood. Canadians would want no second looks. Canadians would say, "We won, didn't we?" which said it all.

Some teams were obviously affected by the series: the Dallas Stars' lightning Detroit for a play-off spot, took two days during the regular season to hold a training camp. Detroit, quite independent of the USSR series, brought Ilya Pavlov back into its conditioning program. Most important of all, I suspect, was Harry Sinden's attitude toward the "war." Sinden's comments on his book have quoted one message I want to quote too. As you read it think of what the statement implies as a principle. A principle, once established, affects the basis for the player conduct from two teams living each other, not just one. Hear Sinden.



Harry Sinden

Winning Isn't Good Enough

ed Dionne could, if he wanted to, make the same pitch. Team Canada gave only quarter share credit for dandling game trophies (according to reports) to the players who out from Moscow. Some of the players felt that any victory connected with the series — including books written for or by players and coaches — should have contributed royalties into a "pot" to be shared by all equally.

But the greatest call for a second look came from "Tennis." The series might have taught organized hockey. I wondered if Canada would learn anything from the USSR's coaching, conditioning and pacing of its players; so, even waiting from a goal until people understood. Canadians would want no second looks. Canadians would say, "We won, didn't we?" which said it all.

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"Kharlamov, the Russian star had

been injured in the sixth game of the series, when his ankle jumped up and down to smash Winston Sinden's hockey stick. He missed the last game, but the Russians were pulling out all the stops for this [final] one. In Ottawa, word came back that Kharlamov was getting a shot of novocaine and would be on the ice. I don't want any of you guys to go out of your way. I told the players, 'But if he happens to skate by, and get in your way, give him a tackle.'"

Sinden is confident he will appear a "tough" coach, a Victor Lombardi who thinks winning is all there is to any sport. He uses the series as much about Kharlamov's ankle jumping up because so an afternoon play at Montreal last night it's sure fire for approving gaffes, often and shouts of "We're Number One." The pose from a wide line is instantly recognized by any player or fan at the tough press's realistic approach to winning. Team Canada recognized Kharlamov, Team Canada won; what else is to be said?

But as to the principle, what if the "you have a choice" notion of deliberate injury be applied to someone on Sinden's Boston team — a key man like Phil Esposito, or worse, the injured Bobby Orr whose lines are in worse shape than Kharlamov's ankle? Or at least in pain — or else consider — when a "tough" coach does to "win" — ignoring the opponent's key man is obviously a winning trick, much easier done than close checking, the passing, careful defense, accurate shooting, good conditioning — all of which the Team Canada USSR series should have rewarded us the NHL and all organized hockey made to reexamine. The publisher remembers: if that next clear-cut hockey strategy, Harry Sinden's, using your brain with team as its basis from his assistant coach, John Ferguson (there is no truth at all to the rumor that the part of Harry Sinden's eyes in the movie version of his book is going to be played by Marlon Brando). Will this team one to be the greatest and most far-reaching effect of the series? That Team Canada will not have learned a thing beyond the short-hand message for reexamination: give men a choice?

One hopes not. One hopes that others will look at the series as a different light. That next season's training camp will have brought imagination and even a creative flare. By using up with the mainstream fear of this decade Sinden has blown his chance to make his goal's symbol of the New Hockey, hockey for the Seventies. Careful readers of the Team Canada-USSR series will, I hope, ignore Sinden's tough guy pose and see what the "Match of the Century" contributed to the stance and art of hockey in the years that will follow. ■

Jack Ludwig is a Canadian novelist and a professor of literature.



Some people should not drink

Maybe you think you're drinking too much. Maybe it's beginning to worry you. Maybe it's worrying your family and friends, too. If so, what do you do? Where do you go?

Your first and immediate step should be to seek the advice of your doctor. Tell him the truth: he won't be shocked and he won't let you feel embarrassed. And the advice he'll give you will be based on the collective experience of the medical profession and his own intimate knowledge of you.

He'll probably start out by giving you some straight, down-to-earth facts about alcohol and alcoholism — two entirely different subjects.

He may tell you, for example, that about 95% of people who drink beer or wine or spirits do so moderately. But for the remaining 5%, unfortunately, the story is completely different. This group, he may point out, includes the moderate drinkers, the abusive drinkers and the outright alcoholics. He'll probably explain that, for some reason as yet unknown to medical science, people in this group are not always able to control the amount or extent of their consumption of alcohol.

Your doctor may also explain that alcoholism is not a behavioral defect. Alcoholism is a disease. And persistent, unmoderate drinking is a symptom of this disease. Scientists specializing in the study of alcoholism are virtually unanimous that just as the use of sugar, itself, is not the cause of sugar diabetes, the use of alcohol, itself, is not the cause of alcoholism. And even though scientists throughout the world continue their search and research, the unfortunate fact remains that, so far, no one knows for sure what causes the disease of alcoholism.

In your own particular case, your doctor will work with you in trying to determine why you are drinking too much. Once he fully understands the nature and extent of your problem, he may simply recommend greater moderation in your drinking. Or he may tell you that you should not drink at all — neither beer nor wine nor spirits — because, in this context, there can be no distinction made between them.

We don't want to sound preachy, but we do ask you to seriously consider this advice. If the question of drinking is becoming a matter of concern, we who are doctors and scientists say: "Talk it over with your doctor. Let him be the one to decide."

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A U.S. crisis could be a Canadian opportunity, says Robert J. McGavin, author of a report prepared for the Canadian Institute of International Affairs, in the continuing Macdonald's debate on a national energy resources policy.

Canadians don't need to get involved in the so-called North American energy crisis. There has been much discussion about the supply and demand of energy resources, the effects on the environment because of developing or expanding energy, the social and economic implications of energy programs, and possible threats to our sovereignty. Both continentalists supporting free trade, unrestricted capital movements, and arguing that energy matters are beyond politics, and Canadian nationalists, pressing for an inward approach to developing the Canadian economy, have stated their cases using the many and varied statistics in the way that best suits their arguments; conservationists and "new ecologists" have presented their case, energy resource developers looking to future profit and loss statements have presented the facts as they see them. The Canadian and American governments have their separate strategies. There is a talk of billions of dollars needed to develop energy programs in Canada, but there is also talk of spending many more billions of dollars to explore and export Canadian energy resources to the United States. These energy export programs could drastically affect the Canadian dollar, could cause irreparable damage to the environment, and could give Canada an economic and political dependence on resource development. This would, in turn, weaken Canada's international trading position and worsen its unemployment. This seems to me to be the Canadian energy crisis.

There is some confusion about the North American energy crisis and opinions differ about its very nature. President Nixon has told Americans that they are now consuming more energy than they produce. D. B. Fanning, the managing director of the Canadian Petroleum Association, sees the crisis as little more than a panic at the prospect of having to pay more reasonable prices for oil and natural gas, others view it as the result of rising prices and poor planning that will lead to only temporary shortages. Professor J. Tasa Wilson is not worried about shortages because they would bring disaster to people in parts of the United States, but because he knows shortages in Canada would mean every people would die.

Part of the confusion is whether the crisis is a lack of fuel or a lack of energy producing projects to replace fuel. The Ontario Advisory Committee on Energy

BY ROBERT J. MCGAVIN



D. B. Fanning

Their Crisis, Our Challenge

predicts that \$60 billion will be spent on Canadian energy projects during the next 15 years. In parts of the United States petroleum refinery capacity has reached its limit and the construction of new refineries is held up — or even refused — for environmental reasons, for the same ecological reasons oil-fired generators are not being built in some states because of their emissions.

Finally, we hear of the "imagined energy crisis" where oil companies are supposedly controlling fuel deliveries to create shortages to get what they consider to be excessive taxation concessions and to get government sympathy for increases in the price of petroleum products. Also, governments have been saying energy issues in international negotiations which distorting future contracts by trade and current economic balances.

The problem amounts to ensuring that alternate sources of energy are available when they are needed without developing unwanted dependencies which threaten sovereignty, and without causing irreparable damage to the environment. Canada does not have an infinite supply of cheap, natural energy resources — no, really, but Canada's energy resources must be used efficiently for maximum benefit. If Canada chooses not to get involved in the North American energy crisis, the energy problem in Canada can evolve into providing for the necessary projects capable of supplying the power needed to satisfy Canada's energy needs. This will bring many benefits.

Canadian manufacturing firms will be able to produce goods at less cost using cheap natural energy resources, while

other countries have to buy energy from expensive sources at higher prices.

If Canadian energy costs are lower for industries where energy costs are a major part of production costs, international companies may wish to establish manufacturing firms in Canada. This would lower our high unemployment rate and make Canada less dependent on a resource based economy. Continues research to new energy sources will find them only as fast, especially if they have to make into high technology projects. These costs will eventually reach the consumer. Only when these technologies are proven reliable, safe and efficient will consumers be energized. This is when Canada should strike them. I am not suggesting we not continue to develop a process for the Albitas air lands, that we not continue our nuclear programs, that we not consider gasification of our coal, that we not concern ourselves with the transport of oil and gas. I am suggesting, however, that Canada should not rush into all energy producing programs on a very expensive "test plus" basis. We wouldn't have to if we chose not to extend all our energy resources.

Canada's good neighbors to the north know the extent of our energy resources and simple calculations prove that these are not enough to satisfy all the United States energy needs for even a few years. Canada, therefore, cannot be considered an adequate supplier. We export sizable quantities of oil from the Middle East and Venezuela so we are not considered a secure supplier. At best Canada can be a storage area for needed resources in a storage area for needed resources in a storage area of American crisis. Therefore, there is no justification for getting involved in a North American energy policy from a commercial standpoint. Canadians now know the consequences of putting all or more of their export eggs into one basket. Let's not do it with energy resources. If Canadians choose to get rich quick by selling everything that burns, let's have the sense to diversify our energy market — selling to the Common Market and Japan as well as the United States.

Canadians should not be confused by the nature of the energy crisis. Canada has the resources to turn the supposed crisis to advantage. Developing cheap energy resources for Canadian manufacturing would give us a comparative trade advantage internationally, would develop the much important secondary industry sector of our economy, and would possibly decrease unemployment. If we decide to sell our natural energy resources, let's spread them around. If we do not, then Canada may lose a possible energy advantage and get dragged into an unnecessary energy crisis. ■



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WILD MILD



BY PAUL FOX



Robert Prentiss

Government By Lobby

lot of influence on government policies.

The top employees of these interest groups, whom Prentiss calls "directors," get on very well with their counterparts in the power circle — the senior civil servants, cabinet ministers and backbench MPs and MLAs. Like Senator Lewis Robb, they are powerful, belonging to the best and some clubs (the Robb in Ottawa, the York Club in Toronto) and they have much the same sort of background, status and outlook on society.

Most of this elite are well-made men, well educated, and growing in the sun. Fifty per cent of the directors are graduates of universities compared to 38% of the legislators and 55% of the bureaucrats. Two-thirds of the whole establishment are 45 years of age or more. Most of them have the typical Canadian conviction that they differ not doing in to any particular socioeconomic class in rise that they are "middle class."

Not unexpectedly they are apt to be cautious, conservative and pragmatic. They stick closer than others to some other class in their support of liberal political values. They have confidence in themselves, in their positions, status and legitimacy. In fact, they have a confidence in themselves that they even believe in the other members of the elite. An astonishing 67% of the directors believe that interest groups perform a "useful and necessary role" and more than half of them are convinced that the groups contribute to the public welfare. Forty-fifth of the Senate MLAs in British Columbia and the Conservative MPs in Ontario thought that

the efforts of interest groups to influence them were quite legitimate.

In a grossly general way the directors reflect the compliment. Two-thirds of the highly active groups indicated they had a great deal of input in the governmental elite. Little wonder since, as Prentiss points out, half of the government departments and agencies in his sample had favored interest groups to create pressure on themselves to focus adoption of policies they wanted.

Without worrying much about getting any input from the great unorganized mass of citizens, the elite quietly practices pragmatic accommodation among its members. Interest group directors consult and negotiate with senior bureaucrats, cabinet ministers, and backbenchers. Civil servants seek interest groups' opinions of their policies while MPs use them to get a reading on public opinion and to obtain information for their debates on pertinent legislation. Two-thirds of the MPs say they interact with directors at a rate varying from twice a week to twice a month.

When the directors want action they may hire a lobbyist (three quarters of them said they had), but if it is big game they are after their first target is a cabinet minister. Forty per cent of them said their first step was a ministerial green light; 25% took off in search of a high-ranking civil servant, while a mere 15% went after MPs. Very few bothered with executive assistants. Obviously, the directors know where the power lies.

It is clear that interest groups possess the biggest disadvantage. Although a variety, a bit depending on the sense, the most influential interest groups are those associated with business and industry. According to Prentiss, the Canadian Manufacturers' Association takes first place while the construction and transportation industries figure prominently also. Professional organizations such as the Canadian Medical Association, educational and welfare bodies, the pharmaceutical association, agriculture and trade unions have a good deal of say also. By contrast to what most people think organized labor has little thrust in governmental policy making.

Prentiss concludes that the changing relationship among interest groups, managers and legislators has kept Canadian society running for a century but he is not so sure it is an ideal system. He believes that elite accommodation in Canada has reinforced the status quo and sacrificed long-range comprehensive planning, to short-run gains in interest group success. It has also led to unbridled expansion of public services. But worst of all, it has minimized effective participation in the making of the national life by organized groups and excluded the unorganized mass of the people. ■

Paul Fox is professor of political science at University of Toronto



The Charleston, Big Bands and Betty Boop probably seem like a long time ago to you. Just as our candlestick telephones seem to us. When we built them, with the first built in 1914, we thought they were the cat's meow. But times have changed. Especially when you compare our candlesticks to our Contemporary phone.

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21 manufacturing plants with a floor space of 140 acres and over 20,000 employees—you can count on a lot of know-how backing our world-wide reputation. To the tune of over \$300,000,000 in assets.

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Some of our customers should get lost.

Unashamedly, enthusiastically—we do recommend it for some of our customers. The ones who come in full of guts and gusto—eager to discover Europe on their own, unregimented, unfettered. Free.

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We've listed a few examples here, many exclusive to Air Canada. But if you'd like to know more about getting lost and loving it, all the details are in our new 1973 holiday guide.

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Some should go by the book.

On the other hand, a lot of Air Canada's best customers figure it this way, for 11 months of the year, day in and day out they take care of themselves and their families.

So when they go on vacation they don't want to know about details and nitty-gritty—they want to relax. On a cruise perhaps. At the reins of their own gypsy caravan in France. Or in the comfort of a coach.

For them, Air Canada has put together dozens of exciting alternatives. From Carefree holidays, where the details are arranged but the days are free—right through to Friendship holidays, where even sightseeing is included.

We've given just a sample here; if you don't see the one you want, remember—it's bound to be in the holiday guide.

So why not mail the coupon or ask your travel agent for your free copy. We have quoted prices for land arrangements only, so while you're there ask him about the most economical air fare to match your holiday.



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M-2

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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Congratulations to Peter Newman on his signed editorial, *Making Abortion An Accepted Right Of Women* (February). It's true we had a little history and fairness on this matter.

With a study 15,000 legal abortions last year and an estimated 100,000 illegal ones, it's time we recognized that the present law makes for terrible discrimination between women who have money and those who don't, between women living where hospital authorities permit abortions and those who don't, between women living in large cities where there are facilities for abortion and those who don't.

The proper large-scale alternative to abortion is, of course, contraception responsibly practiced. Those who oppose abortion would do well to turn their energies to reducing the need for it by mounting campaigns of effective birth control and sex education. But abortion in some measure will still be needed.

Abortion is already an established practice. To pretend otherwise is sheer refusal to look at the facts. To continue to oppose taking abortion from the Criminal Code is to insist on rank injustice and discrimination of the most disgusting kind.

GRACE MADISON HOUSE OF COMMONS, OTTAWA
MR. MARCOWITZ KINGSTON

I found your February editorial to be entirely lacking in balance. Normally, I would expect the act alone of *Maclean's* to present the other side of the abortion picture and that facilitates an objective evaluation by the public and concerned Canadians. In presenting such an editorial, it would be appropriate for the title to read *Making Life An Accepted Right Of Women's Children*.

Your attempt to embarrass the views expressed in the editorial by assuming the "courage of *Deauville*" (*Madison* or *Madameville* *Simone de Beauvoir*) suggests that an objective presentation in the next issue may indeed be difficult. Unless such a presentation is made however, your right to proclaim "Canada's National Magazine" on your masthead must be challenged. A pre-tertiary position is not consistent with the views of the majority of Canadians. MARJORIE JOHN I. H. CONNOR, PRESIDENT, CATHOLIC HOSPITAL ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, WINNIPEG

You are to be congratulated for your effort editorial. In addition to the gross presentation of the Canadian Federation of University Women (of which I am an executive member) passed a resolution at its general conference in 1970 asking parliament to remove the sections pertaining to abortion from the Criminal Code, and to recommend legis-

lation providing penalties for unequal persons performing abortions.

Canada does not yet have a population policy as a basis for long-term social and economic planning. It does not have adequate facilities for universal birth-control education with which to implement a voluntary population-control program. If parliament had needed the abortion question with enlightened legislation in 1968, it could now be thinking about constructive goals in the areas of human reproduction, resource conservation and the economic future of a society in upheaval.

Dear Editor, please keep asking for courageous leadership! There are many of us who will support it!
VIRGINIA ATKINS DON MILL, ONT.

Keep it warm

Selling Today What We'll Need Tomorrow by J. Tann Wilson (March) was excellent. But please keep the best on. As Wilson says, it will be difficult just to make the mass of Canadians aware of the issue, much less change popular opinion. Canadian resources must be conserved for Canadians!
JOHN I. EDUCATO MONTREAL, ONT.

Thank you for rising to clarify the Canadian case for our fast-dwindling energy resources — *Selling Today What We'll Need Tomorrow* by J. Tann Wilson (March). Years ago General McNaughton tried to tell us we were selling our sheep on the Columbia River. Various interests took only the quick-money notion and, sure enough, we were taken. We are now trying to renegotiate that treaty with the U.S.

We have been told that, despite a large degree of foreign ownership, we still control our own resources. But do we? Canadians should let their opinions be known or our pipeline will be drained dry in short order.
P. L. GRANT CALGARY

I think God we have men like J. Tann Wilson — *Selling Today What We'll Need Tomorrow* (March) — who bring home to us what lies ahead for us all unless we recognize the dangers in time, and do something about saving our precious resources.
MABEL SAUNDERS OSWATIMAN ONT.

Uncensored

While I am in total agreement with John Wilson on "abortion" — *Our Right To Be Abused* (Film, March) — I was disappointed that he seemed to be unaware of the situation in Manitoba.

As of October 15, 1972, film censorship ceased in Manitoba. It was replaced by a film classification board whose

continued on page 18



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Two *Fleur* contained work it is to do the very things Mr. Hobsen and I do. We have a space of four classifications for all films entering Montreal, the content of the films and the reason for their classification is described in a weekly volume we prepare for the Winnipeg papers. Both papers are running the columns in a public service without charge, and the response to them has been favorable from both the general public and the film industry. There is no censorship or cutting of any films submitted to our board.

It is my belief that the NDP government of Manitoba has taken a great step forward by establishing that new system of classification. Let me assure you that *Les Deux Fleurs* will be shown intact in Manitoba.

JERRY FONGTTE, CHAIRMAN, MANITOBA FILM CLASSIFICATION BOARD, WINNIPEG

I quite often disagree with the opinions of your film critic, John Hobsen. However, I agree wholeheartedly with the stand he has taken in *Our Right To Be Offended*. There is nothing more frustrating—and insulting—than to go to a movie only to find that it has been cut to pieces by someone who does not understand the director's intent or the purpose of the film.

By the way, the *Losers* film referred to in *There Are The Damned*, *Philly Of The Damned* is an entirely different type of film, directed by Wolf Rilla. KENNETH COLEMAN, NEWFAWA, MAN

The French connection

I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that Claude Lemelin in *French* has reference to opponents of bilingualism as "French hater" — *The New Free Press* (March) — guess him away, because the *Press* always think that anyone who does not go whole hog for the cause of bilingualism

is a bigot. I have watched what is happening here in our area, and I can tell you that, when the French are in the majority, there is no bilingualism; it's French all the way.

Surely the Liberal Party would not be so foolish as to go to the voters again without calling a leadership convention, and soon.

M. CUNNINGHAM, HUNTON, NB

Human alternatives

I can't decide whether *A Human Alternative To The Big Mouse* by George Woodcock (March) was written with tongue in cheek or not. If not, I suggest that the author is himself in need of some kind of institutional treatment. The article dripped with such nagging condescension for the invisible things and hoodlums who prey on society, but it contained no word of sympathy for their victims. I hope the author gets severely mugged in the near future and that his neo-conservative glasses get broken as the clock strikes.

DOUG C. DUBREY, BEAVERIDGE, ALTA

Thank you for *Fair Perfect* by Fredelle Bruser Maynard and for George Woodcock's article on our prison system. I consider George to be one of the great ones of our time. His deep respect for life and his love for humanity shines through everything he writes. As for Fredelle Maynard's description of growing up in the prisons, she has spoken most eloquently for me and for many others who were harshed and scared on the streets during the pioneering, pre-electronic era.

PAUL LAMON, QUALICOM BEACH, BC

I enjoyed those few moments of recognition — *Fair Perfect* by Fredelle Bruser Maynard (March). I, too, lived in Saskatchewan as a young woman in

1937, when things were rough but life was still worth living. What a shame we parents lost that world for ourselves, and took it away from our children by taking away what we thought would be hardship. We replaced it with an artificial happiness, and our teenagers and parents to react in everything. No wonder the young are forming communes of sharing, wearing patched clothes. They are looking for what cannot be regained: a lost childhood, a time to grow up, using their imaginations to live with what is at hand.

MRS. THELMA LONEDAY, LONDON, ONT

Colêche

Genie Editor: Every now and again Maclean's comes across and publishes a truly down-to-earth, natural and humane piece of journalism. And there it is for all to enjoy — *Confessions Of A Calêche Driver* by Jacques Gossier (February). It's for those not fluent of goodness that I continue to lay Maclean's.

JOSIEFA PALADE, TORONTO

Which way is West?

Re: *Of The West* Heather Robertson, February issue.

Coms on *Maclean's*. Fun is fun, but the girl's articles are getting to be plumb ridiculous.

Quote: "The land here is sensual, feminine, a great pregnant belly reaching away to a horizon of breasts and buttocks and thighs and hips, round and smooth and full of warming creases and crevasses flatched here and there with dark clusters of willow trees."

How about that! All that around and so fast boys used to head for here come a Sunday night. Two bucks stuffed in the hip pocket of our jeans and what we had drafted in front was our own business.

I know we are supposed to take the deer crackers all across-like but, oh, hell — deer coves and logging gink and peering men on one-eyed dragons? Here a good thing the stick to Saskatchewan and never get out here to Alberta when we start rearing up the windings and breeding the chickens. Why, a pony right like that would shock her to the sides of her city boots!

T. B. STEEDMAN, HUNTON, ONT

I have been reading with some amazement the replies of those who have come to the rescue of Mrs. Clarkson as a result of the article by Melinda McCracken, those Toronto expensives (duhuh), economists, what have you? whose sense of irony was stunned in the article. I thought it was a beautifully subtle rip-off of the typical eastern self-important cultural jargon, the TV imperial-

continued on page 38

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Please contact us if you have any comments or suggestions.



continued on B4B

INSIDE MACLEAN'S



People do believe what they read in the newspapers, see on television, hear on the radio, and find in the magazines. The media have authority. And, too often, the media are wrong.

The mistakes usually aren't colossal. They're small errors of fact and numbers, but they make people angry, and they should. If you can't trust the people who put out a magazine to check what the magazine says, who can you trust?

At Maclean's the agent of accuracy is Joan Wetherwood, our copy editor.

One of the functions of a copy editor is to check every single list that is printed in the magazine and make sure it's accurate. If that means ploughing through eight books in search of the spelling of a name, that's what happens. If it means three or four long-distance telephone calls to the far corners of the country, fine.

It sounds like a boring job. It's not. The art of the fine check falls somewhere between chess and scholarship.

For example, in his lead piece for the March issue, University of Toronto professor J. Tuzo Wilson happened to refer to the legend of the minnow who promised a favorite customer any gift the customer asked for. The customer whipped out a chessboard and suggested that the king provide one grain of wheat for the first square, two for the second, four for the third, and so on, multiplying by two until all 64 squares were filled. Wilson pointed out that the total grains of wheat would add up to well over a world's annual harvest.

Most of us would have let that one slip by on faith. Joan figured it out. The total, if you're interested, is 18,446,744,073,709,551,615 grams.

Joan first joined *Maclean's* in 1949 under the editorship of Arthur Lewis and became copy editor in 1970. She has caught some whoppers, and has developed the art of telling a writer that he's wrong without making him angry. A proven not unlike snake charming.

And you may be quite certain that any facts obtained in this column are the true facts, clear, unambiguous, and provable. Joan Weatherhead checked it. ■

MAC IS BACK



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How to reduce and not lose a thing.

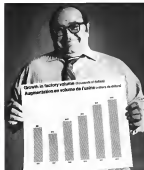
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CHIEF DAN LAFORCE

THE NATIVE CONDITION: A CANADIAN TRAGEDY

When Christopher Columbus waded ashore to discover America, 840,000 Indians were happily alive there. So taken with them was he that he wrote to his Queen: "So tractable, so practicable are these people that I swear that in the world there is not a better nation." After the Americas were won, only 250,000 tractable Indians were still left alive. In the streets of New Amsterdam (now Manhattan) white children played kickball with the heads of the Wapigons and in Plymouth they put charms on the Wapigons and in Mystic River you could smell the burning flesh of the Pequots. Al Wounded Knee they married a Hatchless gun and dug a vast, common grave. Who knows how many hearts were buried at Wounded Knee?

But somehow the Canadian Indian Problem was never the American is-die Problem. We are a nation that has escaped an historic gulf. This despite a past of insanity: how many of us know that it was once common sport for white fishermen in Newfoundland to hunt and slaughter Beothuck Indians for amusement? The largest massacre took place at Haida Harbor,

Thirty Bay when men armed with "Indian guns" chased 400 Beothucks (men, women and children) to the edge of a peninsula, slaughtered them all and with boats of desecration watched them fall into the sea. There are no more Beothucks alive in the land. No survivors to provoke us with guilt. The past is the past, we say. No past, no guilt. We must have been God's Own Men.

Which brings us to the present. Today there are 262,000 registered Indians in the country, grouped into 556 bands as well as 400,000 non-status Indians and Metis. In Canada today an Indian baby has as much chance of living past one year as a white child has of living past 80.

These and the other facts presented on the four pages that follow are computations for our time, unspoken in a chorus of political propaganda that tells us "the land is strong." So consider the Canadian Indian's condition today. They are survivors this time but the survivors are asking how long they will be allowed to survive. So much for historic guilt. And so much for God's Own Men. Who's dying today for our sins?

PHOTOGRAPH BY PETER DAVIES



DECLARATION FOR UNDERSTANDING

BY DUKE REDBIRD
White men bury your
prejudices and listen

In Carlos Castaneda's remarkable book *A Separate Reality*, a Yecni Indian sorcerer has vanquished his problems as a man because he "lets" the world around him "You must let everything be as the author" otherwise the world goes its course

The sorcerer at one point scolds Castaneda for using the white man's route to knowledge which is a self-centred pursuit. "You think about yourself too much and that gives you a shingle fatigue that makes you shut off the world around you and cling to your arguments. Therefore if you have is problems"

Eventually Castaneda becomes the sorcerer's apprentice in search of Indian knowledge and learns there is a semantic difference between seeing and looking as

two distinct manners of perceiving. Castaneda discovered that "looking" referred to the ordinary way in which we are accustomed to perceiving the world, while seeing "entailed a very complex process by virtue of which [an Indian] man of knowledge strategically perceives the essence of the things of the world."

It is this essential difference between seeing and looking that separates the Indian's reality from that of the white man. This way of perceiving is confusing to the white man

and the white man's confusion is of some confusion to the Indian. Confusion inhibits comprehension.

Consider the example of the one-eyed Ford. If a Ford loses a headlight the Indian who owns it might never consider replacing it. It has changed form and has simply become a one-eyed Ford. If the car breaks down altogether the Indian might decide to leave it as is, move it and convert it into a home. The car is not just a broken Ford. It has changed form again and now is another thing, with a new life. This notion both amuses and bewilders the white man but makes perfect sense to the Indian.

The difference in perception between our two races runs philosophically deep and shows itself in basic everyday encounters. As an Indian I have been coaxed upon by white officials, any number of times to act as a middle man, an interpreter of not language but meaning.

The following scene took place recently and will continue to happen as long as the perceptual gap remains. A group of consultants arrive at a meeting with Indian community leaders. Under their arms they carry dossiers of information, facts, charts, and formulas. They have come to discuss "housing" invitations had been sent to the Indian delegates to attend this very important meeting.

A table has been prepared with stereos, steel pitchers of water and an agenda set neatly on the table in front of each chair. The delegates seat themselves, the white members selecting their seats according to a pecking order that they understand the senior white delegate taking the chairman's seat with the other members in the same pecking order. The Indian delegates choose their places at random. The white delegates begin to open briefcases and shuffle papers to begin the serious business at hand. The Indian delegates have not brought any papers.

Duke Redbird, an Ojibwa Indian, is a television writer and program consultant. He is the author of a collection of verse called *Red Wine And Love*. continued on page 66

LESSONS OF DEFEAT

BY MARIA CAMPBELL
Instead of what *them*
we taught ourselves

Maria Campbell whose real name is June Sibley is a 33-year-old Canadian half-breed. Her people were *Astis*'s people, and the Canadian government signed no treaties with them. Growing up in the bleak settlements of northern Saskatchewan, she learned the lessons of defeat and despair she describes in a new book being released this month by McClelland and Stewart. She also learned in a painful journey through the white man's world to come to terms with the past by casting in her lot with that of her people. The haunting excerpt from *Half-Blooded* that follows is a scene many Canadians will recognize. We see these little bands of Indians and Métis as we drive into such towns and cities as Fort Macleod and Prince Albert and Wetaskiwin. Only this time we are witnesses through the eyes of one of the people we store of

Summer was always a great time because during the months Dad was home from trapping and could spend most of his time with us. In early June Mom would bake and pack food in the grub box while he would grease the wagon wheels and fit the harness. Then we would leave our house early in the morning and head for the bush to pick areas to set and trim. Our parents sat on the front seat of the wagon. Great-Grandmother Cheechum and Grandma Campbell and the first three in the middle—Jesse, Robbie and I on top of the grub box, tent or baggage. Our four dogs and two goats ran behind and away we went.

By dinner time three or four groups of half-breeds had joined us along the way and everyone was talking and yelling and joking, excited at seeing one another and at the prospect of what lay ahead by the time we pitched our tents for the night there were 10 or more families in a long



canoe. What's right we must have been with family with one or two grannies grandpas anywhere from six to 15 children, four or five dogs and horses trained with bells.

The evenings were great. The women cooked while the men pitched the tents and we kids ran about shouting and telling trapping over dogs. Knap knives and crooked around us. Parents called to each other and slapped at their young ones but only halfheartedly because they too were enjoying themselves. We all sat down to supper out

side and ate moose meat, ducks or whatever the man had killed that day, bannock baked on hot coals, with lard and lard and all the boiled berries we could eat.

Afterwards we helped to clean up and for the rest of the daylight hours the men would visit, had visits have to get practice on play cards. Someone always had a lode and guitar and there was dancing and singing and visiting. Kids played bear and wilewons (a white monster who eats children, *la negro*) until it was too dark and

we were called in to bed. Inside the tent were our blankets all spread on flannel spruce boughs, freshly cut. A candle hung on the grub box gave some light. When we were put to bed the grownups would gather outside and an old granny or gramma would tell a story while someone built up the fire. Soon everyone was taking turns telling stories, and one by one we would creep out to sit in the background and listen.

Half-breeds are very superstitious people. They believe continued on page 66



I'm Joyce Davidson Suskind and the pleasure...

BY JO DURDEN-SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BEVERLY ROOST

The girl next door to Johnny Carson, Truman Capote and Ethel Kennedy

Expatriates are interesting. They inhabit a special no-man's-land all their own, between two perspectives, two loyalties. They live in the half-home, sporadically speaking, of the displacement camp.

So do rich New Yorkers, I've decided. They don't, you see, live as the city so much as on top of it, in vertical enclaves a long, long way from the shooting-gallery streets. There, in an exclusive city populated only by people like themselves, they live out their lives, thinking about New York both warily, as something they've left, and proudly, as something they pretend to love it. They are, if you like, our very own lives-in-expatriates. Between two perspectives: two loyalties.

The foreigner is why I wanted to meet Joyce Davidson Suskind. She's an expatriate of both sorts. All I really knew about her was that she was at one time Canada's biggest television celebrity, not one of those people who are well known for being well known and can rattle up a pouter-on-wedge and an instant opinion to suit any occasion, but an interviewer with a reputation for both toughness and charm. I knew too that she'd had a television talk show here in America in the late 1960s. I saw her on it. She shared hosting duties with an affably chic Washington party-follower called Barbara Howard who recently, much to the delight of all such as Sally Kuzneson, held a rather free-joint sale ("Champagne glass drunk from by Gloria Steinem in pre-Labor Day days,"

that sort of thing) in her Georgetown house. Joyce Suskind I liked, a good-looking blond woman who looked like Michelle Carroll, if you remember her, had a lot of energy in her face, and didn't seem to be too tight with her co-hosts. What else? I knew what most New Yorkers know, I suppose: that she was married to David Suskind, a man whose ideas for television and the theatre had won him a great many starlets in his early mid-20s and a great many dollars in his monthly bank statement, that she hung out on the fringes of the Cat Pack or the Beautiful People at whatever Women's Wear Daily is calling them these days; and that there was talk of a television show with Truman Capote, a close friend and (much) as success, too, was against you from the country where your talent was badly in-demand.

I didn't get a chance to ask her about Capote the first time we met. It was clear that we were going to have to like each other if the interview proper was to go ahead, and if you're in the business of skinning outsiders you don't ask important questions about a person's friend. "I've just had bad experiences," I supposed, she said, sitting chair-side wary as the deal she was when she wants to be comfortable, and heading in my direction when she later called my "jangle-razz." Opposite me, one of the larger television sets in the room was built into a cabinet, low down, so that I wondered vaguely whether they watched it from the floor. The rest of the room was books. (I later realized that almost all of these were backlist, a rare sign, I've found as the past, that their owners are either very rich, very famous, or people who review books for a living.) I also found some of David's fanzine peeping down discreetly from a top shelf.

"The last time someone came by to interview me, I spent a long time with her, took her place with me, asked her to dance, everything. It was when we first brought this apartment. I was buying stuff for it and for a party we had here. Anyway, when the police came out, I found I'd been turned into a gaily,

spelled man, dressed with things. Now that may have been true, of course — it wasn't — but it wasn't much of a dividend on the investment of my time."

While being shown into the den by a rather nervous, rather Irish maid, I'd seen, just for a moment, that the apartment was certainly very thingsy. Big clumps of grass down the end there, a Glaxo-Monks off to the right (picture every-where, in fact), some expensive baroque furniture and the longest picture window I'd ever seen. Yes, I could see one of those peek-a-boo of lifestyles having a field day here, winking out whole swarms of truth from behind every rich superficial. So I said that I was not one to pretend to take down her thoughts while really just noting up the pros and cons on her clothes or her furniture or her view. And that seemed to be that. She only told me later her after-horror-story: how two serious-Canada-dim-mad friends of hers had turned the complexities of her life into a veto-over-over a game of pool, balls dropping into pockets and such. I think she thought I suggested it.

We smoked more cigarettes as that first evening that she did at the other two. It was partly, I suppose, dread at the thought of being pressed once more into the old mugs-to-niches stereotype. But she was nice, I think, quite simply bothered about being interviewed. Being an interviewee is a knock. You have to hang loose, to put more accuracy in your voice and your answer than you do in your dream, and to keep your self tightly within the limits of the person you've given over to over all those years of being asked for new revelations or old ones. She was out of practice. Yes, she still substitutes in talk shows. A week later, a week after Bel Gai's being an interviewee, not the reverse. And there's something else. A woman in the sort of salon society New York expects to be in seems like there is the keeper of men's secrets, not the confidant of her own. She was out of the practice of talking about herself. And when you're out of that practice, you get caught up in things

like truth: you have to start calculating yourself to find out what it is you really think. A difficult, startling process.

We talked about Canada mostly, the first time. Early on, I asked her why she thought she'd been called the Canadian girl-next-door. She laughed. "The Canadian girl-next-door," she repeated, slowly, as if the phrase was in a language she knew but couldn't always guarantee to remember every-where. "I've never known where I got that tag. I certainly didn't want like one. Maybe I looked like one." She laughed again, and tossed her head. She didn't believe it for a minute.

Just the same, I began to believe that she was exactly right. When she had first come into the den, she had helped cover up my fumbled introduction by spending a few minutes organizing subway and coffee and such. And I'd thought then that "girl-next-door" wasn't a bad physical description: unassuming maybe, but not as wholly nude of the mark as she thinks it is in retrospect. It's hard to grin down, though. I mean, she's smart and she's, has direct, rather honest eyes, and wants her clothes with that easy grace that only a woman who is both pleased with and at home in the way she looks can manage. She's certainly not awkward-looking. What is it then?

She was talking about how she was as a young girl in Hamilton. "I had, you know, that horrible white complexion when you look like you have two little shoe buttons of red dots sewn on the middle of your face." She grimaced, and leaned forward to pour some more coffee, allowing the sunlight to make shadows on her face. That was it. The girl-next-door. There's something about her face, the slightest hint of heaviness in the jawline perhaps, or maybe just the mundanity, somehow, of its features, that brings to mind those Hollywood women who, though beautiful, were condemned to play the friend, the confidante, the one the male star, with a gaily bent, left before the end of the picture: women like Celine Rennie, say, or Barbara Bel Geddes in *Vertigo*, just too friendly-



...is mine...mine...mine

looking, too open and wholesome to be able to feed the clerk's or the shopgirl's prey sense of mystery, as Ana Gantner or Kim Novak could. My guess is that this first but quality served her well in the studio, where soft edges are desirable. It was probably useful, too, in her dealings outside the studio, with the usually misogynist men of the business. But it was at its most successful with the audience.

Joyce Davidson became, because of it, like the girl all those millions of viewers had known as a child: the one who, according to the imperatives of the myth, had gone off to the big city to find success and happiness, but who still used to come back home from time to time, in a fancy and unspoiled as ever she was. She could do no wrong. She looks, you see, wholesome.

But that's not any rate how she looks. (You can stretch the first third of this next-door model only so far and no farther.) And that was her downfall. It's the reason she got bashed from next door — this place in the audience's mind where she had only ever lived for convenience's sake. She spoke her mind. I asked her to tell the story one more time. She did so with a small sigh, dragging it out of the cynical bulk in the memory stacks where you keep old, dead stories told too often and with too little relish. "I was Girl of the Week on Dave Gurnsey's morning show in New York. One day, I said in passing, I feel like the average Canadian. I think, pretty indifferent to the Queen's official visit to Canada." One was coming up. It was absurd. There were probably only about 400 people in Toronto watching the show. And it was a remark that wouldn't even rattle a seagull now. But by the time I got back to Toronto, the air was thick with racial outrage. There was all kinds of caballing going on in the backrooms. The advertisers were lining up, demanding that I be dropped from the show. There was even an editorial saying I was racially motivated. Somehow, my small remarkers had been turned overnight into a virulent attack on Queen and

Country. I asked to go on to explain what I'd actually said. They wouldn't let me, did you believe that? I was sent off into a kind of purgatory, no input. I never did, though. I never apologized. What for? Really, everybody, is a cowardly sort of way, just pretended the whole thing had never happened."

But she never got back to next door. Her segment, after all, is a crime you don't want in your neighborhood, even if it is only an imaginary neighborhood.

Looking back, it's easy to see it wasn't just love of the monarchy that pushed otherwise reasonable men over the edge into collective hysteria. Firstly, she'd broken the unwritten rules that bound her image together, and cause her coherently, visibly Canadian. Worse, she'd done it in the United States. Canadians, suspicious of even the most temporary separatists, are very sensitive about their long-winded borders. Now here was this woman, chosen by her audience to run up for them what Huntington once called "all the good graces of a Canadian," and yet suggesting, in the very country that had done most to compromise their state of their own identity, that there was something subversive or undecided about their pantheon. It was like a Roman Catholic priest, gown-punching at a Protestant church and implying during the course of his sermon that the election of the Pope, say, was something less than divinely inspired.

"Thanks," Joyce Sasseau said drolly, "were never quite the same again." For the audience, she became that Joyce Davidson, the dangerous woman for whom she had once been a wholesome substitute. Now she was scruffy, filthy linen all those her-before graces — Americanized.

For herself, she became what she had been all along, though no one had ever noticed, a direct, challenging, interviewer: a woman with definite opinions, a thought-provoker (if you believe the old canard about an American being a Grade-A date who's made up his mind), well, *American*. So whether side in their delicately suspicious now. / continued on page 40



THE PASSION OF A BOW HUNTER

BY GREG COOK

PAINTING BY PETER SWAN

Morel ambiguity at full draw

For nine days, last autumn, with Neve Scotian elders on their deer hunt in Chagrecio Game Sanctuary, I carried a black scribbler of 120 pages. I used it twice. First for a note, "useless, no end fellowship," and then for a man to cover to spend looking water for me one many more in the woods. And now I'm scripted to tell about how I made a pilgrimage to a sanctuary to confirm, to cocoon, and then to reveal, converted to a bow hunter, but to castrate that elaborate metaphor requires more than a memo of three words and a warped notebook.

I give up hunting five years ago. Up to that point I had killed at least one member of almost all legal game species in Neve Scotia, except the white-tailed deer. Until now I have been at a loss for an answer when asked why I put away my rifle or if I would hunt again. A year ago, when I gave up teaching (English literature at Acadia University) to write full time, I thought I might find the answer if I had to hunt to fulfill the family's meat diet. But I found myself instead living nine days with men who hunt with bow and arrow. During that time I think I found the best approach to the question: to kill or not to kill? I have now been offered free use of bow and arrows and instruction. I don't know whether I can or not, but next fall I am willing to try to kill my first deer. Why? With an empty notebook I have to trust my memory.

Before she was three years old my mother's father, a fisherman, was lost at sea; they never found his body. Before I was three years old my father was reported missing-in-action and then killed at Hailford; his body never came back. So that's how it was for Mother when she was lost after a day's deer hunting was my second father. You tried to sit up with her and not ask many questions, except, "You tired?" And all you can offer her is, "I can wake you if he comes before morning." She knew and now try to think what it's like for her: the word sounds cold; you put a stick of wood in the fireplace before it's needed. We couldn't know what it was. (continued on page 78)



The transformation of a white nigger

BY ANN CHARNEY

Happy at home with Pierre Vallières

On a late afternoon the city is enrobed with a cover of snow and ice. A fine spray of freezing rain adds a final note of despair to the grayness of the day. My taxi is heading east. We sit in a predominantly French working-class district of Montreal, known to its inhabitants as the Plateau Mont Royal.

In spite of the bitter cold the street teems with children. Their bodies are too small and too crowded to contain them. Wherever they can escape the monotony of the classroom, they burst into the street, restless and full of mischief. The sun crawls along, heavy and overstressed, the driver looking his way through a fierce game of street hockey. A black hawk is broken abruptly as two boys dash into one path after a story doesn't end their front seats on garbage can lids. We maneuver around them without mishap. Our shared relief creates a temporary intimacy between us.

I decide to tell him where we are going and I ask him if he knows who Pierre Vallières is. "Oh, yes," he replies, "I know that name." Wasn't he the leader of the FLQ when we had these bombings a while back? Quickly he turns his head to have another look at me. "You mean that's where I'm taking you? To see him? No kidding? But I thought he was still in jail."

I describe to him Vallières' break with the FLQ in favor of accepted methods of social change, his subsequent support of the Parti Québécois, and his apparent attempt (since then) to lead an ordinary life as a community worker in the region of Mont Laurier.

The driver leans me out with a skeptical grin. "Do you know the way of the wolf in sheep's clothing? You must have a fine English too. Anyway, that's what I think of these kind of communists. It may be wrong, but it all sounds too good to be true."

The children's doubts link up with my own thoughts. Vallières' decision to break with "armed agitation" is heavy with consequence. Since 1963, his name has been synonymous with the militant, radical wing of the independence movement, the Front for the Liberation of Quebec. Vallières' significance as Quebec goes beyond his role as the ideological leader of a terrorist movement. In the minds of many Québécois, particularly the young, he has been regarded as the symbolic spirit of the ongoing Quebec revolution—a pole of reference by which each one constructs his or her following view of the future. His trials have all gone into the making of a true hero. One who rose from the slums, who gained entry into the literary arena of the prosperous bourgeoisie, who scored an ovation for a life of struggle and perseverance, and who in the end survived everything "the system" threw at him. Now, suddenly, the hero has changed direction and the following that once swarmed around him is left in a lather of letdown, confusion of feeling, and a taste of cynicism that covers up the hurt.

Vallières must be aware of these rumors and the attacks against him. How does he handle them? I wonder about his

motives and the strange course his life has taken. There are many questions that I want to ask him. I've waited with impatience for this first meeting in a friend's flat where he often stays on his visits to Montreal.

We arrive. The flat is over a landscaped and neat door to the Plateau Mont (Palace of Dwellings) formerly Québécois Frank show. As I press the bell, I see the childbearing parked across the street looking up at the windows above my head. Inside, someone pulls a cord and the door opens revealing a curving narrow staircase covered in green felt. At the top of the stairs Vallières waits, his hand outstretched in greeting. He leads me into the kitchen at the rear of the flat. After the dramatics outside, the brightness and color of the room strike a flash of noon. I'm introduced to several other people sitting around a Formica-topped table. One of them, Claude LeBlond, long blond hair framing a serious square planed face, is the young woman Vallières lives with.

Claude is 24 and she knows Vallières for about a year and a half. The 11-year age difference between them and the relative openness of their relationship are not easily discerned in their behavior toward each other. More things hint than appear there. There is the kind of closeness that comes when work, politics and emotional needs are all reflected in one other person. Claude shares Vallières' political activities, she has worked side by side with him in Mont Laurier and she continues to work for the newspaper *Nord-Est* which they are both helped to found. The friends in this flat where they are staying seem more her contemporaries than Vallières' but several questions are not readily answered. There is a note of resignation in these people's responses that is partly style and partly taste.

My arrival doesn't interrupt their conversation. It's hard to follow—a mixture of attitudes and self-enclosed, meaningful only to those who know each other as well as those people must I ask back related by their color, and look around me. The room itself, dominated by a large white table, is typical of many other white flats, but the bright colors of the walls, the an expensive pattern, the Chinese lanterns, make it seem unusual and gay.

A big pot of coffee warms on the gas stove. On the table, and overflowing with them, is a host of sliced bread, a jar of peanut butter, cream, jam, and a dish of melting butter. Food, cigarettes and coffee alternate with conversation. Some of the young men, a musician, and his guitar provide a soft pleasant background.

Vallières, at 35, is about 10 years older than the others but he doesn't look it. His hair like theirs is long and he wears the obligatory blue jeans and turtleneck sweater. He's treated by them in any casual way. He meets the atmosphere that surrounds him as so casual as to seem sacred. As for Vallières himself, the answer may be hidden to their stories but it seems behind his easygoing cool manner.

As the afternoon progresses, the talk remains apolitical.

People leave, others come and take their place without altering the flow or the content of the conversation. Words seem subordinate to the pleasure of being together. I've imagined to learn that Vallières knows these people less than a year.

Although for the most part he only listens and observes, his face reflects the immense enjoyment he finds in spending afternoons like this, with friends, and talk and music, while outside the grey day turns into a fierce, black night.

Watching him, relaxed and laughing, I'm suddenly reminded to what extent the events of Vallières' life has cut him off from most of the ordinary pleasures that we take for granted at most of our waking of age in North America. The Quebec of the 1950s that he knew before he took up radical politics and went to prison was not a place to encourage joy de vivre in anyone, not even the very young.

He was not a charity student in classical colleges in Langue. There he was obliged to make a daily show of petty

gratitude and humility. At home he was constantly fighting with his mother who thought he was wasting his time at a school for the sons of the rich. Torn between the hypocrisy of his teachers and the rebel position of the poor drowned into his consciousness by his mother, he finally turned against both of them with the cry "accuse me, accuse me."

During the 1950s, when the spirit of change resonated all forms of life in Quebec, Vallières was in prison for almost four years. He spent his days peering over his books, preparing his defense.

There were constant clashes with judges and prosecutors, and a permanent struggle to maintain some sense of equilibrium about himself. "There are words had maintained in prison he once told a reporter, "but when that really go beyond the intolerable but each time I reacted violently. I never allowed them to break me. When I was put in isolation for two months at the Penitentiary, there were times when I wanted to swallow the steel bars."

As I look at Vallières with these words in mind, they seem to me inappropriate, discordant, like a soundtrack playing against an unrelated visual sequence. There is nothing about the Vallières I saw in this room to connect him with the anger and passion of *White Nigger of America*, his first book, which he inhibited. "The previous autobiography of a Quebec 'terrorist'?" I'm conscious of an amazing degree of self-control, a carefully constructed wall that separates the inner private person from the public self.

We watch upon this theme later in the evening. The first I'm alone with Vallières and Claude in a Spanish restaurant where I have invited them for dinner. The food is good. Our pitcher of sangria has been refilled and the constant typical of people brought together by circumstance rather than choice has vanished. We are simply enjoying each other.

Vallières' plate remains full compared to mine and Claude

seems him about having talked so much. "Well, I was a journalist myself," he explains. "Try to make it easier when someone is interviewing me. I've been very cooperative since I'll be able with a smile. I answer him impulsively. 'Yes, you've been cooperative but it's impossible to catch you off guard.'"

There is a long moment of silence. I am suddenly afraid that I have overstepped the apparent bounds of this session. But Vallières handles it with the same ease and calm. "Perhaps you're right. I don't feel that I'm taking anything, but maybe I am more withdrawn than some subjects. Actually I'm more controlled than I was a few years ago. I used to be very impulsive. But in any situation that would have been disastrous. Prison helped of course. It would have been very far for me to give way to feelings of anger, or anger, or hatred, but I knew I had to control them or they would destroy me. That's one of the reasons that I wrote *White Nigger*."

This book, *White Nigger of America*, had been translated into six languages, was called by the New York Times "an eloquent revolutionary document that ditches our threat like a drowning hand," and based in its French version in Quebec during the October 1970 political crisis. It is now considered a classic of revolutionary literature. Vallières wrote it in 1966, in the Manhattan House of Detention under conditions of constant harassment. He and Claude Gagnon had been arrested outside the United Nations when they had staged a demonstration to draw world attention to Quebec. The New York police were acting on behalf of Canadian authorities who wanted the two men on a charge of murder. The book was smuggled out of prison by a New York lawyer who had been appointed by the New York courts, and whom he later knew. Later Vallières and Gagnon were deported to Montreal. Vallières began speaking of his first months in prison as his "active cry." In the beginning it was very depressing. Everyone, even my close friends, told me I should just give up and get off with a lighter sentence. At that time in Quebec, there was no conception of a political trial. It was without precedent. No one at the time understood what we were doing. But once it became clear the effort our trial was having, more and more people came to support us. We defended ourselves because in the beginning we could not afford a lawyer. The first one we called asked us for \$16,000. Later, Bernard Margier and Robert Lemieux offered to help us and they became our advisers.

Vallières talks of those years in a flat detached scene, without bitterness or remorse. It is almost as if he were describing something that had happened to someone else. At times there is even a surprising note of nostalgia in his voice. "I made some good friends in prison. I learned a lot about getting along with others, about the human solidarity. But then among the oppressed, it was a very different world from the one-



PHOTO COURTESY OF THE PRESS PHOTO AGENCY



trial order I had frequented, in prison I was forced to come face to face with the reality of other people's lives. It became impossible in a situation like that to get ideologies ahead of people. I suppose it sounds funny, but in a way I blossomed in prison. I became more human. I learned to listen to other people and to restrain quick judgments. It is not a period that I regret in any way."

During the rest of the evening, while we talk of films, books, local politics, Vallières continues to weave into the conversation references to his prison life. Somehow, in the setting of this restaurant, with its red brocade walls, amidst dinner ensuing for each other a commensal of the good life, Vallières' descriptions of prison seem very distant and unreal. The intensely personal becomes merely anecdotal.

His conversation breaks for a moment when I ask him about his family. In *White Anger* he wrote that from the time he was 13 he dreamt of getting away from them. He lived in their midst as "a stranger, a borderer, never speaking with my mother or my brothers, who thought that I was mad, who understood nothing of what I was trying to do." Now he hesitates before he answers but when he does his tone is cool enough to be suitable for boredom.

"My mother? Yes, I suppose she's alive, but really I don't know. One of my brothers is an accountant and the other works as an executive for an American company. I haven't seen them in years. Why should I? When I was in prison none of them bothered to get in touch with me. Anyway, we never had anything in common."

It's late when we separate and we seem to have talked ourselves into a state of exhaustion. Yet I cannot easily put Vallières out of my thoughts. Somehow I find it difficult to link up the person I met tonight with the one I have studied in newspaper clippings, and through his own writings. I read through my notes, with the last hours in mind.

The file on Vallières began in 1966, with an article that identified him as "the brain of the FLQ movement." At noon on May 3 that year, a 64-year-old woman named Thérèse Moine was killed when a fire bomb exploded in the office of an art and shoe factory. A few days later, Vallières and Charles Gagnon were charged with unprecedented murder in connection with these killings.

They disappeared for there could be arrested and returned some weeks later in New York, outside the UN building, with pleas to publish "the struggle of Quebec women." Eventually they were deported to Quebec and their representations and subsequent trials became a cause célèbre. Many prominent people in the arts, the labor movement, the Church and in journalism publicly supported them.

Even before his imprisonment Vallières had already begun to make his name within the tight tribal circle of Quebec intellectuals and artists. As a protégé of Guyon Mirza, the poet, he was introduced to leading cultural figures in Quebec. Under Mirza's influence he began to write political essays, the first of which was published in 1957, in *Le Devoir*. Later he wrote for the magazine *Cité Libre*, and when its founder and editor, Pierre Elliott Trudeau left the magazine he chose Vallières as his successor. Another former editor, Gérard Pelletier, hired Vallières to write for *Le Progrès*.

After many postponements the Vallières' trial finally opened on February 26, 1968. His appearance in the courtroom was greeted by shouts of "Vive le Québec libre," coming from some 300 sympathizers. During the trial, the principal victims for the prosecution, Serge Bouchard, a former member of the FLQ, charged his testimony and declared that Vallières did not participate in the planning of the attack on the shoe factory. Witnesses for the defense included Marcel Papan, the union leader, Marcel Bozon, a well-known sociologist, Gérard Pelletier, by this time a federal Member of Parliament, and René Lévesque. Each in turn spoke of Vallières' brilliance, his integrity, and his abilities as a writer, journalist, labor organ-

izer. They all stressed that they had never heard Vallières speak of violence or bombs. Experts for the defense testified that when Gagnon could not be considered a call for violence or murder. Trudeau, who was also called to testify, testified on the grounds that he did not know Vallières well enough to testify on his behalf. Vallières "performed" but not to appear, but Robert Lemieux, the legal counsel, challenged Trudeau's explanation by citing passages from a speech Trudeau had made to the staff of Cité Libre, in which he commended Vallières' essays for the magazine to the writings of John Stuart Mill.

Despite all this, on April 6, 1968, Vallières was found guilty of having contributed to a death by bombing through "his writings, his words, his attitudes, etc." and was condemned to life imprisonment. Later that year, 50 of Quebec's most prominent artists and writers organized an event of Poems and Songs of the Resistance to raise funds for the continuing legal battles. The concert became one of the major landmarks in Quebec's cultural life, and it set a precedent for future cooperative efforts among Quebec artists in times of political crisis.

In prison, Vallières started a hunger strike, the second since his imprisonment, and 500 inmates at Boréalville jail decided to support him. A declaration of support for Vallières and Gagnon appeared in the Paris newspaper *Le Monde* signed by leading French intellectuals and artists.

Three years after imprisonment, Vallières obtained a new trial. The Court of Appeal ruled that his first trial and Vallières had been condemned on the basis of opinions and writings and not on factual evidence. His health had been failing and he underwent an operation just before the trial opened. He appeared at the trial during the course of the second trial. He was found guilty once more, but the sentence this time was six years and seven months for crimes of assault. He appealed the sentence and applied for bail. At the same time he began a new hunger strike to protest refusal of bail. He vowed in court, "I will leave this prison before summer, dead or alive."

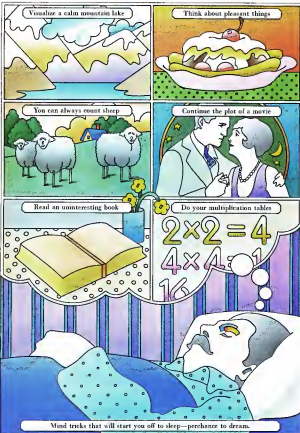
Almost four years after his arrest, bail was granted and Vallières was temporarily set free. "They couldn't keep me inside any longer," he explained in a statement, "without ruining their whole system of justice."

A few months later, during the War Measures Act, he was back in prison, charged with participating in a seditious conspiracy. These charges were eventually dropped to be replaced by others. The trial for the new charges was postponed when four doctors testified in his defense.

On June 23, 1971, Vallières was freed on bail. Outside the prison gates, a crowd waited for him and burst into applause. Several women embraced him and children asked for his autograph. He was touched by this manifestation, but also troubled, as he explained later. "One of my major preoccupations is to destroy the Vallières myth. I'd like to be able to say like Charles Binet 'an ordinary guy.' I realize that in Quebec people like strong personalities, and it frightens me."

When the time for his new trial came up in September 1971, Vallières failed to appear. In a secret communication sent to the newspapers, he explained, "In Quebec there are some important things for me, revolutionary to do, and I cannot determinately to avoid political trials." In spite of an intense manhunt the police could not find him. Three months later, in a long article published in *Le Devoir*, Vallières announced his return to society, his admission to the PQ, and his realization that the FLQ had become dangerous to popular movements. He elaborated his reasons for this decision in his second book, *Chaos?*

His new political orientation has been widely discussed and argued over throughout Quebec. Some consider it a positive and courageous act. Others view it with suspicion. The extreme left condemns it bitterly. Charles Gagnon, his former political ally, wrote in the Quebec City paper *Le Soleil*, "I think there is in Vallières a desire for... / continued on page 34



THE DYNAMICS OF SLUMBER

BY JAMES PAUPST, MD,
WITH ANTOINETTE ROBINSON

Why sleep may be your most creative act

and flow of these eight stages of sleep, all of them tranquil and dreamlike. But what about our dream killer and his strong sense of activity during the night?

In four to six brief periods during the night, sleep rises to an unusually efficient state known as REM sleep. REM is the most restful sleep. REM is the sleep most associated with dream recall. But the pillow-bound St. George was right—there's more to it than dreams. REM is a trip through a whole kaleidoscope of physiological and biological changes that often reflect increased activity approaching consciousness.

The nightly period of drastic REM activity appears to be indispensable to a healthy existence. People who are depressed or dreamless sleep through drugs, alcohol or surgery constantly report a heightened sense of anxiety and uneasiness. And when they are permitted to dream again, subjects relapse in frequent REM periods, as if to make up for lost dreams. After prolonged deprivation of a large part of his REM sleep, one volunteer reported that a piece of furniture tried to bite him, and creeping man-eating vines began to cover his room.

It is interesting to note that there is a lack of deep non-REM sleep among patients suffering from depression. A depressed person's sleep pattern usually shows great difficulty falling asleep, frequent awakening during sleep and early morning awakening. The most significant thing is the fact that many depressed patients seldom descend beyond light non-REM sleep.

In clinical experiments doctors report that with depressed patients changes in sleep patterns occur long before any waking symptoms.

Our knowledge of the many physical changes the body goes through during REM sleep is comparatively recent and scientists are only now beginning to research the physiological need for dreams. But investigations of the psychology of sleep abound, born of the pioneering work of Freud and Jung.

We all spend most of our waking lives suppressing emotions and impulses. In dreams we find these sensations and impulses, unfiltered by the inhibitions of the day. The freedom can be beneficial—many situations to conflict that may be emotionally satisfying may also be beyond the bounds of acceptable social behavior. Research has proven, for example, that in at least half of our dreams there is one aggressive act. Dreams provide a safe space for venting through such impulses (Children's dreams, by the way, contain twice as much aggression as adults' do). A response, perhaps, to greater feelings of frustration or lack of control over their lives.)

One man who had exceptionally hostile dreams about his travels worried about this anxiety. For public appearances, he and his assistant they had passed anxiety. They met for dinner and said things together with their bodies. When he was able to recognize his dream aggression toward his wife and set upon it—by expressing it during waking life with instead of participating in a friendly force—his dreams became more tranquil.

Just as it may be, ordinary REM sleep is not disturbed in the sense that we are losing rest. On the contrary, our dreams act as safety valves, often throwing out relief problems that we haven't dealt with in our waking hours. If we not our dreams, then, that are keeping us awake, although it may be the way we cope with the problems of the day that's spurring our dreams.

A second top-and-down theory, ranging occasionally to the dreams and dreams of REM sleep—that's the way it's supposed to be. When that's not the way it is, life can be pretty miserable. The aftermath of a bout of wakefulness can result in fatigue, a diminished attention span, fluctuation of consciousness, disorientation and impaired perception. The most severe sleep losses can produce hallucinations and delusional episodes.

A mild sleep disorder is usually resolved by one of three typical problems: difficulty falling asleep, early morning awakening, and a light, fitful, skimming type of sleep. The disorder may begin gradually, with the first symptoms consisting of no more than an occasional brief episode of nocturnal awakening, the sense of having slept poorly or too little, or the / continued on page 24

This article was researched and researched out by the author for a previous issue. The last time, copyright © 1975 by James D. Paupst, MD, and Antoinette Robinson.

Man spends 20 years of his life doing something he doesn't comprehend, yet he attaches enormous importance to it—the simple act of sleeping.

Once it was felt that the mind in sleep was totally separate from the waking mind. Now scientists consider that the two are inextricably interwoven and together form a complete human personality. The actions of the day added to the dreams of the night are the acts of the whole person.

The actual act of sleeping is the same for nearly everyone, but individuals don't regard sleep in the same way. For some, sleep is a welcome relief from the tensions of the day. Others surrender to sleep with horror and loathing, doing sleep to take them. Husbands and wives complain that their partner sleeps too much or too little. And some people insist that they don't sleep at all. Everyone experiences difficulty sleeping at one time or another. It's almost second nature for one of us to make sleep the scapegoat for anything that goes wrong during the day. A domestic accident, a fight with the boss or just plain irritability: the culprit cause is often named as sleep. If a man wakes up and sees the covers thrown aside, he may assume he's had a bad night's sleep. If he dreams of fighting dragons and dragons you before waking, he may feel he's been in combat all night long.

In fact, there are only assumptions about very brief portions of the night. Sleep is surprisingly regular and patterned for every one except people who suffer from a rare, extreme brain disease. In spite of our complaints and worries, sleep eventually asserts its right against minor disturbances, maintaining its own patterns according to its own schedule. Most people get all the sleep they need. Insomnia is quite simply its own best cure.

The normal spiral into sleep begins well before an hour of going to bed. Through modern medical technology it has been possible to define four distinct stages in the descent, they involve a progressive decrease in blood pressure, pulse rate, respiration and body temperature. The deepest phase is a state of almost total immobility—sounds that would baffle even the sleeper awake 10 minutes earlier have no effect. If the sleeper finally is aroused, his mind will be momentarily blank, open to questions will be puzzled or startled. This is the sleep of forgotten promises, conversations and telephone calls.

At least three quarters of the night is spent in the second and

TUNDRA

BY FARLEY MOWAT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MICHAEL FOSTER

Portrait of the Barren Lands as a beautiful graveyard

Farley Mowat began his remarkable career as a wilderness and nature writer with an impressionistic book about the plight of the aboriginal peoples of the Canadian tundra, People Of The Deer (1952). It is a subject he has returned to many times, writing with profound nuance at the gradual devastation of Canada's North by white civilization. This month, McClelland and Stewart will publish his latest book, Tundra, the final volume in a trilogy of subarctic and the northernmost of Arctic explorers. Tundra opens with the approach of the first European to the Barren Lands, then a place of beauty for lemmings and reindeer. It closes with the chilling account of a season when, for one tiny, doomed band of Eskimos, the caribou never returned. Now the Barrens, once full of life, come truly to deserve their name in the story told in the novel. The following excerpts from Mowat's introduction to the chronicle provide the setting for that story.

(Copyright © 1985 by Macmillan)

Sprawled across the upper mainland of Canada lies a semi-desert tract of treeless tundra plains that, like continents, has been known to people of European stock as the Barren Grounds, the Barren Lands, or simply the Barrens. In recent times North Americans have tended to ignore that almost limitless expanse of sea and land, except to think of it as a frozen wilderness-home of minimal resources.

It has not always been so. Until fifty or sixty years ago the Arctic was a living reality to North Americans of every walk of life. It had become real, and it stayed real for them, because many of their own kind were during its remote fastnesses in search of pure adventure, attracted by the elaborate mechanical shacks that we now deride whenever we step out of our heated neighborhoods. From mid-winter to the first signs of these men with a good deal of more human enthusiasm than that with which they now follow the exploits of space travelers. Personal accounts of Arctic voyages and journeys lined the shelves of bookshops. Those who stayed at home identified themselves with Arctic travelers, as they had no longer fully identify themselves with the mechanical heroes of modern times.

The tundra lands of Canada embrace almost 300,000 square miles of naked, rolling, lake-dotted plains, broken here and there by ranges of worn-down hills and vast regions of first-shattered grey rock and gravel. To an observer in a small aircraft, driving over it for a certain time, the tundra seems to be almost as much a world of water as of land. Its lakes, ponds and rivers are beyond counting. Seen from the air, the land between appears to be dim-colored, monochromatic, apparently featureless, reaching to the horizon on all sides with no shadow of fertile meadow.

This is surely an illusion. Look closer and the world of land and water becomes as variegated and living mosaic, varied and colorful. The multitudes of tundra ponds are shallow and re-

flect the pale northern skies in every shade of blue and violet or, discolored by the organic stains of melting water, they become ashen, tarnished copper, burning red or shimmering green. The neighboring rivers run no straight courses but wind sinuously through chocolate-brown meadows or between silver-grey ridges of stone and gravel (remnants of washed glacial), or compete in pale interweaving with the ascending embankments of sandy eskers (casts of dead rivers that once flowed under the melting ice sheet). Some eskers roam for hundreds of miles and bear a disconcerting resemblance to the constructions of a long forgotten race of massive giants.

Viewed by a summer traveler in the ground, the tundra gives the feeling of limitless space, so-called until one wonders if there can be any end to this interminable ocean whose waves are the rolling ridges. Perhaps somewhere else in the world, except far out at sea, does a man feel so exposed. On this northern prairie it is as if the ceiling of the world no longer exists and no walls remain to close one in.

In winter this sea simile gains even greater weight, for then both land and water vanish, blending into one impressive sweep of frozen solidification that seems to have no shore.

Why these mighty plains should have been called "barren" is hard to understand. Even if the word is only intended to mean treeless, it is not entirely valid. Along the eastern southern fringe, known as the tundra, there are trees — small and stunted, it is true, but trees. And scattered over the southern half of the northern prairie are stands of timber. One of these, on the Thelon River and almost dead centre in the plain, forms a handsome oasis 40 or 50 miles in length, with some maple trees growing 30 feet in height. If "barren" is meant to mean barren of life, it is a gross misnomer. True, in winter there is not much life to be seen, but in summer the tundra is vividly alive.

For the most part the land is covered with a rich carpet of mosses, lichens, grasses, sedges and dwarf shrubbery. The

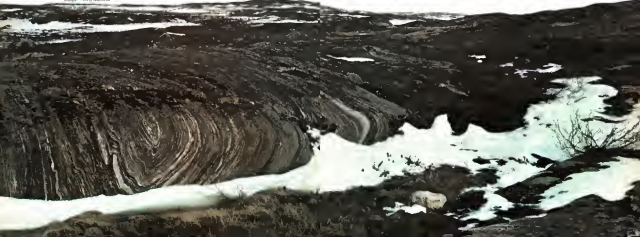
flowers are small, many of them mosses, but they grow in fantastic abundance. Even on the naked ridges and on the frost-riven graveyards of broken stones that lie between some of the melting valleys, there in brilliant life, the rocks glow with the splashed landscape of lichen in 100 shades.

Arctic life is just so abundant. The ponds, meadows and lakes are the breeding grounds for ducks, geese and wading birds. The dry tundra and the rock tundra are the habitat of the northern grouse called ptarmigan, and of innumerable other birds. Sooty owl nests on the grassy flat and rough-legged hawks and falcons share the pale sky with the uncommon winged covers which, almost absent among Arctic animals, refuse to change its color when winter whiteness overtakes the land. The waters of the larger lakes (those that do not freeze to the bottom in winter) and, in summer, the river too are full of whitefish, lake trout (40-pounders are not uncommon), suckers and a floundery and pucker fish — a darter relative of the trout — called grayling.

It is the muskox that dominates the land. During the peak periods of their cycles, short-tailed, mouse-like lemmings are so abundant that one can hardly walk across the sedge and moss without sinking them swirling channels from underfoot. They provide the chief food of the white fox, whose cycle of abundance is keyed to theirs. Lemmings know sodas about (but so do) They breed so prolifically that every four or five years they literally eat and crowd themselves out of homes and home and then move either the or migrate elsewhere — and such migrations are fatal for most of them.

Even squirrels live on the tundra — grubby, orange-colored ground squirrels that den in the sandy eskers or in dry gravel ridges, where the perpetual frost does not keep them away to the ground.

The great white wolves, once abundant but now reduced to rare and scattered families, display an amiable curiosity, sit-



ding berries - stripes to sit with cooked sun so they watch the shorebirds' activities of nest.

One of the most impressive of all the tundra beasts is the great brown bear called the Barren Land grizzly. Only a few decades ago this shambling giant roamed over most of the mountain tundra west of Hudson Bay, but now, like so many other species that have rounded our modern appetites, he has become as rare as almost to be just a memory.

Equally strange is the musk-ox — a black, shaggy beast that looks like a cross between a bull and a huge shaggy goat (usually it is related, distantly, to both). Slow and placid but armed with sweeping horns, the musk-oxen have evolved the tactic of forming a hollow square when threatened. Because of their fine, underlying wool, the wildest winter weather cannot affect them. They have several enemies save man, and in other times they called above the entire tundra, both on the mainland and on the islands, barren. But by the mid-Twentieth they had been exterminated from most of their range.

By far the most impressive of all the tundra beasts is the caribou. Caribou have literally provided the lifeblood of the isolated residents of the northern plains and of the tundra since time immemorial. These contents of the reindeer formerly existed in such large herds that they approached in numbers the herds of the northern prairie and probably outnumbered any of the great herd beasts of Africa. When Europeans first arrived on the edge of the northern prairie there may have been as many as five million caribou. Caribou and their predators, chiefly wolves and the native peoples, had lived together in balance for uncounted ages. We changed all that in 1949 after Ottawa had finally taken notice of the terrible destruction of these northern deer. An aerial survey showed that only about 650-800 remained alive. By 1955 there was estimated to be about 300-500. By 1960 there were estimated to be fewer than 250-300, most of them west of Hudson Bay.

Men came early to the tundra plains. Along the western gravel beaches that now cling closely to hillides 300 feet above the shoreline levels of existing lakes quartz flakes lie in profusion, and the broken points made by clumsy or unlucky workmen keep them company. They are as fresh-looking now as when men gave them their present form, for no hunters have fallen to bury them in dirt, and the long winter have covered them with nothing more permanent than snow.

Little is known about these first comers except that they were peace dwellers, probably reindeer hunters out of the Asian north who may have entered the American continent along the narrow delta of tundra lying between the Brooks Range in Alaska and the polar sea.

Over the centuries new waves of nomads entered these Arctic prairies until, by about 1700, the tundra seems to have been mainly held by Eskimos of an ancient island culture, while to the south of them, on the thin border forests of the tundra, people of the Athapascan race (especially the Chipewyan, Copper and Dog-Rib Indians) lived apart.

Early in the 18th century all this began to change. White trappers had appeared on the southern prairies, bringing guns which they traded to the southern plains Indians. These people, mostly of Cree stock, began to wage Indians war with their new weapons and they brought guns pressure to bear on the larger people, who were then armed only with bows, spears and slings. Within a very few years this pressure drove the Athapascan Indians right out onto the open tundra and into bitter conflict with the island Eskimos. Thus the Chipewyan, in their turn, made contact with the white men and got guns, and soon they drove the tundra Eskimos into the most northerly reaches of the land.

Then how things stood when European first approached the border of

the Barren Grounds. The tundra was not empty then, for it knew the comings and goings of many men — of men who were able to live there, and who did live there, because the land was beautiful.

It was a manifold beauty, including the fishes in the numerous lakes, the tremendous flocks of ducks and geese, the hare, ptarmigan, mink-ox, Barren Land grizzly and, what was all important, the seemingly limitless herds of caribou.

But it was a beauty that was not destined to survive the rapacity of European man. In a world where all creatures — both beasts and men — had been in balance, the arrival of the intruders from across the eastern ocean brought chaos and destruction.

When I first visited the edge of the Barren in 1935, it still retained at least the illusion of being a living land. I visited it again in 1947, 1948 and 1953, and during those years I saw life falling thin. Then in 1961 I flew across the entire breadth and depth of the tundra plains. The second flew low over the open face of the country, and life was hidden from our eyes. Where, during my own lifetime, there had been as many as a million caribou, there were now only pathetic and scattered remnants. Where, during my own lifetime, scores of places had harbored many hundreds of human beings, now there were only crumbling cabins and abandoned camps. The circles of stones that marked the vanished herds of Indians and Eskimos were still visible and still beside the more symbolic piles of stones raised by a scattered people who called their souls — remnants of a man.

Westward to Great Slave Lake 500 miles from the coast of Hudson Bay, southward from the Arctic coast 600 miles across the plains into the thin forest almost to Reindeer Lake, there were no human beings living in the land. Nearly 300,000 square miles lay desolate of human life and, to a great extent, of car-

bou, wolves and other beasts who, like the people of the Arctic plains, had been dependent on the caribou for their survival. Truly this seemed to be the Barren Grounds.

As we flew over that endless desolation, I wondered if the great plains were doomed to remain as empty as a moment of the terrible devastations of modern man. I wondered if we had named our backs forever upon the severe needs we had created.

In 1957 Canada entered her second century. Her first was 100 years of displacement of natural life in a new and virgin world, and nowhere in this new world had been so much as in the North. The entire Arctic, once pregnant with life, has now become a hungry desert where not even the surviving Eskimos can take sustenance solely from the land and from the sea. Hunting destroyed the natural life-relationship of this gigantic region, man can now survive there only as alien, dependent for food and clothing, fuel and shelter, on what is brought in from the world outside.

In Canada's second century we have the chance to undo some of the brutal, tragic errors of the past. If we turn northward again in imagination and in reality we can bring a dead world back to life, and we can share that life and be the richer for it.

All across the sweep of Asiatic tundra such a restoration has already been undertaken. Aboriginal Arctic peoples "farm" the Soviet tundra, where the thin contents of the caribou, the reindeer, now graze the Arctic prairies and provide protein-energy peoples with millions of pounds of good meat every year. The Asian tundra, once so despoiled to men and very acutely as remembered, is again a place of life for men and beasts. It can be done. In Canada's North, the remnant populations of Indians and Eskimos are almost without exception dependent for survival on stock and welfare in a sense of the destruction of their old world.

Continued on page 48



They could recognize that world, could find one, vigorous area for themselves, could recognize what is now one of the largest desolated regions on the planet. Musk-o, perhaps, but neither certainly, could bring life out of death, and the Arctic zone is dead, with care and under the hands of man, who regard their vitality, to provide a useful and modern way of life for the real and wild human now clustered in objectivity in the handful of remaining settlements along our Arctic coast.

In Canada's second century we could return to life a portion of our country according to nearly a quarter of its total area, if we so wished. With ordinary human courage, endurance and hardhood, tempered by compassion for and understanding of the natural world of the

North, we may still recover the wasteland we have created in the Arctic.

The vital word is *reclaim*: to restore a ravaged land which is of such fragility that even the most minor blunders may be perpetrated on it in the past brought great disaster. However — and mark this well — we will not reclaim the Arctic by waging a new war of greedy exploitation against it! We will not restore it to life by running from the rage of its living elements to the rage of its casual gain. If there is one inalienable fact about the Arctic's future it is that our present view of that vast land is more than a grab bag of oil, minerals, chemicals and hydroelectric power will be absolutely fatal to it. If it is to become anything more than one further sacrifice to the back garden of technical prog-

ress, then it is irretrievably doomed.

I have my own vision of the high North. I envision it being reclaimed — restored — into a symbol of unity in a world where madness is becoming the accepted mode of action. I see it being rapidly protected as one vast sanctuary, a world inviolate — where men with wild ability and world as big technological bladders I see it as one of the few remaining regions where life, both human and nonhuman, can still be lived within the framework of the timeless harmonies that have existed since life began.

I have heard as *conflict* if we who have brought such massive disaster and such wasting violence to the planet cannot bring an end to our blind orgy of destruction, then, most surely, shall we perish from the earth. ■

MANUEL from page 26

After all this, the government came up with a policy statement that said that the aboriginal rights were not vague to any but for negotiation. Later, Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was heard to say, "Prove to me that there is such a thing as aboriginal rights."

The sides of aboriginal rights is simply that if the Crown is going to assert control over a certain piece of land, it must first recognize, or admit, the rights of the people who have owned that land all along. It is a matter of ordinary justice that adequate compensation be paid to those native people who are surrendering all or part of their lands. The principle, which involves the idea of "beneficial ownership," is widely embedded in both the English common law and the Roman law that preceded it. We own the land, if you will it, you will have to compensate us for it.

This is not odd. Almost all of British Columbia and Quebec and parts of Ontario are without treaties compensating title and providing compensation. We own these places. They are ours. You are squatters.

Those Indians who do have treaties — mainly those in the Prairies — can hardly be said to have received compensation. The leaders who signed these treaties were caught between people whose traditional food supply had been cut off and a young government that promised food, farm employment, health and educational facilities in return for surrender and obedience. We were clubbed into signing these treaties, and a contract signed under duress is no contract at all. In other words, we still own this country.

There is a recognition to believe that recent events in the Supreme Court of Canada, and in a series of meetings between the Native Tribal Council, the Union of British Columbia Indian Chiefs, the Yukon Native Brotherhood

and the Prime Minister, have finally brought about agreement and understanding. After being present at all those proceedings I have heard nothing that would convince me that the white paper policy of 1969 has been completely buried.

On January 31, the Supreme Court brought down a split decision in the appeal of the Native Tribal Council for



recognition of their aboriginal rights and native title to the Nass River Valley in BC. Although the first judge reported that the claim to aboriginal rights had been lost, that was a generous judgment. Three of the seven judges found there were no aboriginal rights in law. Three upheld the Native claim. Mr. Justice Pigeon ruled on a technicality regarding the right to sue the Crown without its consent. Although a majority had agreed to reject the petition at hand, half the judges who dealt with the matter favored the recognition of aboriginal rights.

A week later, when I accompanied the delegation from the Union of BC Indian Chiefs to meet with the Prime Minister,

he pointed us with the words, "You have more legal rights than I thought you had." Mr. Trudeau had not changed his mind on the position he had taken on aboriginal rights in the policy statement of 1969, but he was willing to recognize "legal rights to native title."

Mr. Justice Binnie, in his 10-page judgment, speaks of "native title or title" although the words were *unintentionally*. In the Union's own brief last November it had spoken of "native title." Earlier papers had spoken of aboriginal rights. The change was one of convenience. So far as we were concerned it was a distinction without much of a difference.

The spirit of the policy statement of 1969 was a desire to see the constitutional responsibilities that result in the special status of Indian people fully implemented. Recognition of native title only opens up the possibility of recognition for which we have been waiting since the constitutional hearings of 1960-66.

Any settlement must necessarily be a long-range process. The Indians and Inuit peoples have learned from the Alaska settlement the dangers of entering into an agreement before there has been sufficient research into the historical background, the current needs of the region, in consultation with a thorough involvement of the local communities directly affected. Grievances can be resolved, but only with the deepest involvement at every stage of the people who must live with the settlement.

Recently, on a phone-in radio show with a nationwide hookup, I talked with the mayor of the North Slope borough that was created through the Alaska settlement. He was firmly convinced that the denial of their wilderness rendered not so much from the considered needs of the people but from a consideration of what would be acceptable to the U.S. Congress. The advice he offered from

continued on page 50

If you're looking for a 'smash', a 'blast', or a 'belt', that's your business.

But if you're a light drinker, you're looking for Triple Crown.



Triple Crown Canadian Whisky by Gilbey



THE BEETS OF WRATH

BY SHARON AIRIART

Hard times in Alberta

Every season at beet harvest time, the Alberta Métis migrate to the small towns near Lethbridge, seven with names like Taber, Beetzwell and Iron Springs. Here under a summer dome sky, beets grow green and lush on prosperous 1,000-acre farms. From to any one of the 1,000 migrant beet workers and know his fate. He will make between \$400 and \$2,000 a season and he will die by the time he is 35.

Albert Eugene used to work the sugar beet fields of southern Alberta. He is a Cree and a reformed alcoholic and now a court social worker for the native peoples of Regina. He knows the pain, dreadful hard work, and small financial gain that comes from the beet fields. This is his story. "A representative of the Federal-Pro-

vincial Alberta Manpower Counselling (FPAMC) comes to your reserve or village in Northern Alberta or Saskatchewan or Manitoba. He tells you there is work. And you ride a bus to the fields. . . You arrive at Lethbridge at the celebration grounds. You are fed and then you wait, sometimes overnight. You are not allowed to leave the exhibition grounds. A farmer, who asked for four or five workers, comes to pick you up. Sometimes he doesn't honor his commitment so you don't get hired. The government will pay your way back, though, and you've had a 1,000-mile bus trip for free — said for nothing.

"The farmer takes you to his fields. That is where you'll sleep, the farmer says. This is where you'll work. He says: And that is what you do because you're 20 or 30 or 40 miles from Lethbridge and you can't walk back. It doesn't matter if the field is dirty, weedy, or the living quarters are terrible. This is where you'll work. . . You've come with no money from the reserve. Perhaps you've come from a de-

HOSTEL REMINDERS

1. NO Liquor permitted on these premises.
2. The use of profane language is prohibited.
3. Houses & Grounds to be kept clean. Use garbage barrels for Refuse.
4. Washroom & basins to be kept clean.
5. The kitchen is for the cook. No one else.
6. Littering in camp during working hours will not be tolerated.
7. Rowdiness and disturbing other people is strictly prohibited.
8. Breakfast will be served at 6:30 A.M.
9. Bus will leave Hostel for Picture Butte at 4:30 P.M. and back to Hostel at 10:30 P.M. on Saturdays.
10. The T.V. Will Be turned off at 10 P.M.

These rules were drawn up for the purpose and convenience of all those concerned.

PLEASE LET US ALL CO-OPERATE.

THANK YOU

cent home. But you have to work to get paid. You have to work to get paid. You have to work to get paid. . . Maybe it's 30 feet by 30 feet and has three rooms. Maybe 10 people stay there. The toilet is in the yard. An outhouse. You cook and you eat with wood. If lucky, there's electricity. Some shacks are unbearable, can't pass Manpower inspection. The farmers of these shacks hire unscrupulous labor. A man has to work.

"If you work 12 or 14 hours a day, you're going to make about \$25 — if you're experienced. The farmer wants that you sign a contract and that makes you self-employed. That means no workman's compensation, no minimum wage guarantees. . . By the contract you get \$13 an acre for burning beet and \$30 for hauling them (An acre of beet is four and one-half miles of row that you hoe by hand). When you're finished, the farmer will hold back three dollars an acre, by the contract, against the money you come back for a second hazing. But that might not be

for a week or two and meanwhile you sit around and you wait, earning nothing, hundreds of miles from your home and family. . ."

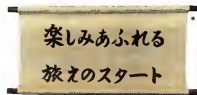
Not all Indians and Métis live in these shacks. Some are assigned to cooperative hotels that serve several farms. One of them is the Banaroo Hostel. (See role play above.)

One prosperous Japanese farmer Joe Shigehiro of Castle says of these rules: "When you get 50 or 60 Indians together you gotta have rules." Inside the hostel the air is heavy with the smell of dampness and too many bodies together. Piles cover everything. Dirty, torn mattresses are heaped in corners. Many of the Métis won't eat their meals in the small dining room because they won't be able to afford to pay the daily food charge of two dollars.

The Métis make all this with what the Mexicans call *resaca* — a mark that tells the deeper with a sense of irony. The Indians accept their fate with resignation. César Chavez would be out of place here. An unwelcome observer. ■

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MANUEL continues

his own experience was that we negotiate strictly with the political authorities who have responsibility of speaking for the government, not with any level of the civil service.

This means that negotiations can only occur between leaders designated by the Indian people and a minister of the Crown. Until our research has been done and communicated to the various concerned there is no way that a statement of either needs or rights can be made. Still, there is a basic framework on which Indian people agree and which will be present in every negotiation we enter into: our identity as Indian people must continue to be embraced in the fundamental law of Canada. The reserved status of our lands must be recognized. These lands are the foundation on which the Fourth World will be built. Our rights to hunt and fish must be reconfirmed. Throughout the north, and in many more southern places than is commonly appreciated, these are our present economic realities and may yet be important tools for building the future. The economic and social needs of our people, which have to be met before we can take our rightful place in Canadian society, must also be part of any settlement.

Integration and equality will occur when there is no longer any dilemma between obtaining our status as Indian people and becoming part of Canadian society. The Indian people want to enjoy the same rights and recognition as the "two founding races" now enjoy in our land.

No, we are not kidding ourselves. We know full well how far removed the Fourth World is from the present Canadian reality. If I find only a very limited basis for optimism in these recent Ottawa events, it is because I know they are not enough to open the administrative and political cage in which we have been caged and change the daily reality of my people. Perhaps if you are something of the source of our situation you will also see why we choose this route to rise above it.

In Canada, unlike the United States, Indian treaties were never submitted to the legislatures to be enacted into law. When Indians have tried to use the ordinary courts to assert the loss of lands, or of hunting and fishing rights, the courts have often chastised the government for its callous handling of clear moral obligations, and then said that there is no role the courts can play to protect the Indians, who has no rights under the law.

We have been double-crossed in other areas in exactly the same way. Jay's Treaty (between the United States and Great Britain) gave Indian people the right "to pass freely with their personal goods and effects" across the international border. Many Indians live near

the border, and many of them are not even citizens with dual ties on both sides of a boundary they didn't create. The right to cross freely is important to them, both financially and personally. The Supreme Court of Canada found that the "Jay's Treaty right" had no legal force because, once again, parliament had not chosen to back the government's promises with law.

We agree that we are not going to get the country back, you are here to stay. We ask that you affirm we are here to stay, too, by recognizing our rights.

Well, what have you done for us instead? You have made the Indians a big business, to the tune of some \$400 million a year, the annual budget of the federal Indian program. All the Indian organizations in Canada together share a budget of some three million dollars a year. Perhaps that's why you've heard so little from us until now.

You have been advancing us without asking us anything about it. Only 1% of the total public funds allotted for Indian education was spent with the direct participation of the education committees in the Indian communities. There's no point in saying, as so many government spokesmen have already said, that \$200 million is being spent each year for Indian education by Canadian taxpayers; are we supposed to be grateful? We paid for that education by surrendering our land, and the right to it is contained in those broken and unpeeled treaties. And what kind of education have we been getting in return for our land? Our dropout rate is 94%; is that what we get in return for the whole of Canada?

And you have been spending money on welfare, social — not more — of which mostly goes to the Indians. Are we supposed to be grateful for that? If you recognized our aboriginal rights, there would no longer be any need for this charity. We would be able to begin our own economic development, and provide for ourselves.

The past is past. You cannot compensate us for the nightmares of history; you can stop the nightmares that are being made today. Expropriation of lands for highway construction, over the heads of the Indian communities involved, were made or attempted in Nova Scotia, Quebec and Alberta within the past 18 months. And a grab of colonialist proportions is under way in the province of Quebec, in the form of the provincial government's James Bay development project.

The day that the Quebec National Assembly gave Premier Robert Bourassa authority to shut down most in northern Quebec to create billions of kilowatt hours of power for New York State was the Premier's birthday. He said it was

continued on page 52

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MANUEL, continued

the above birthday present he over had. Of course, his birthday present would draw the lands where 30,000 Cree live and have traditions, people who are supporting themselves, without government charity. And, according to Indian ideology, his birthday present would be a disaster for the environment of the area. And, according to a royal commission report two years ago, his birthday present would be illegal, for the Cree title to the land has never been extinguished; it was purchased by the federal government from the Hudson's Bay Company 165 years ago, on the express condition that aboriginal rights be satisfied before any use was made of the area.

But Prime Minister will have his present, even this Prime Minister, president of the James Bay Development Corporation, has been heard to complain that the Indian people of the area were not cooperating in his efforts to carry out a dialogue and that it was inconvenient to have to deal with their elected representatives.

Last May Quebec Indian leaders applied for inquiries stopping any further work on the project pending court proceedings. Quebec said the project, The corporation will not share the state at which our work is progressing. There are 5,000 of them and five million of us. They can't keep it all for themselves.

How can we continue to negotiate with you in good faith when you show us such contempt?

How can we continue to negotiate with you when your schools serve as a badly, but you refuse to allow us to create and control our own? On June 30, 1971, the House of Commons Committee on Indian Affairs recommended that the present program of banding Indian education over to the provinces be discontinued and that communities of Indian peoples should take over responsibility for education in their own areas and their children. The report was supported by every political party in the House, and endorsed by the National Indian Brotherhood and every provincial Indian organization in Canada.

In September 1971, six days after three Indian communities in northern Alberta began a boycott as a demand for their own schools, Jean Chretien, the Minister of Indian Affairs, told a meeting of the Catholic School Trustees Association of Canada that the province of Alberta would create, and that it was only through provincial schools that the Indian could achieve equality. According to whom? To the Indian? To the political parties, including his own? No, to him, and to his Department of Indian Affairs. And the whole man says we're denied?

What governments have made some efforts to support something they call "multi-culturalism" they recognize and

even acknowledge Indian efforts but refuse to integrate that support with any attempt to develop an economic base for Indian development, to allow the crafts and technology to take their proper places within an Indian society. Indian funds are encouraged to learn how to survive but are sent to school in the non-Indian community next door, alongside white kids who are better fed and better housed. We must develop our own education, our own economy, under our control, if we are to attain genuine equality.

Yet education is the one area in which even of the past few months have produced a real basis for hope and optimism. Events which were almost uncontrolled, and in which all parties realize that it is only the long-term pattern that can bear fruit.

In December 1972, the National Indian Brotherhood presented a brief outlining its position on education to the Minister of Indian Affairs. This brief was the result of resolutions adopted at our General Assembly in August at Edmonton. It is the first time that Indian peoples of Canada, through their own organizations, have presented to the government a single document stating their position on a matter vital to our daily lives.

Our basic position is that any Indian community that wishes to do so should have the opportunity to control their own education. This may involve establishing their own educational authority and administering their own schools. It may simply mean that they become the first party to any federal educational program for the purpose of services on their behalf. Some hands may not even want to exercise this option right away.

The National Indian Brotherhood has now received a letter from the minister accepting our position on the policy of his department. This is the beginning of a new relationship between Indian peoples and the Department of Indian Affairs, if the principles of our education have been allowed to carry over into all aspects of Indian life and if parliament adopts legislation endorsing these principles as basic rights under the Indian Act. That remains to be seen.

This change in direction for Indian education does not have to involve a major increase in spending. It is mainly a matter of making effective use of the resources now available. Our hope is that the Treasury Board and parliament will extend the same credit to Indian bands who want to control their education as they have extended to them in the case of school boards who have had similar plans that they wanted to sell to the Department of Indian Affairs.

If the spirit of goodwill and cooperation that allowed agreement to be reached between the minister and the

National Brotherhood was prompted by the October election, perhaps that spirit will carry over to other levels of government. The rest of the present agreement will be met when each reserve community wishes to benefit from the policy opportunities that goodwill and cooperation. Allowing Indian people the same voice in the education of their children as you are entitled to have in the education of yours is our understanding of equality.

Developing our own institutions is not apportioning. It is an accepted way of participating in the Canadian mosaic. The poorest and smallest provinces of Canada receive equalization payments in a matter of weeks. We will also have to provide public services at a standard based on the national average. Many of these provisions demanded that this kind of fiscal support be guaranteed before they entered Confederation, and they



might not have joined if the guarantees had not been forthcoming.

The provincial grants are non-recurring, and the provinces have refused to make their own decisions, supported by federal funds. But non-recurring commitments - commitments that were never contained about whether or not they cared to join Canada - remain entirely dependent on the federal government's Department of Indian Affairs.

Some 80% of all Canadian Indians are either unemployed or underemployed; even the federal government knows that's wrong. So the government has set up an "income development fund" of some \$50 million. Obviously we want to get that money under local control. Band councils have submitted lists of thoroughly researched proposals, in consultation with professional economic advisers, for using the money for our own economic development. No dice. The industries that have gotten federal support, set up on reserve land, have employed no more than a token number of Indians in skilled or managerial positions. The department just carries over an Indian being able to run his own show.

The goal of Indian organizations is not to transfer power from one bureaucracy to another; it is to allow local Indian communities the power to design

the programs that will build their communities and shape their lives. That is what Indian people are all about. The Department of Indian Affairs has revised several Indian provincial Indian organizations to take over some of the department's programs. Where these programs have already been cut out of the same old mold by the Ottawa cookie cutter, having them run by Indian people instead of white people does nothing to solve the problem.

Your Prime Minister has invited Indian people to forget the past and to live in the present. Fine. We ask him to do the same. To allow us to live the present, as described, without a central Indian authority, not a framework of foreign European customs and traditions. That is the difference between integration and assimilation - the difference between life and death. We do not want to live in isolation. We want to live in our own lands where we can choose to keep our communities to the world. We do not want to have the whole river to ourselves but we do want to steer our own course without being carried by the current.

I do not know you, not really I did not go to your schools. When I was in grade two, I developed tuberculosis of the hip, and for the next several years I was in and out of hospitals, without receiving proper treatment and without receiving a white education. There was a really good TB sanatorium 35 miles from my home, in the town of Timmins, BC, and if they'd been letting Indians in there then I might have gotten out and schooled in the same time, but they wouldn't, so I sat myself down, wrote, and I'm grateful.

You're letting us into hospitals these days, but you're not letting us into the decision-making.

We have a right to give to you, if you can let us ourselves to give to justice. We would like to tell you about living together as a community, with strong supporting the weak, rather than pointing them aside. It's hard to make a community, but it's hard to make a community. I've seen it in the air-conditioned atmosphere of white North America, perhaps you will have to wait to see it, when the Fourth World is aware.

I have seen his beginnings, not only among our Indian people but also in distant places in Tanzania, I saw John Njiru, president of a great republic, working with a pick and shovel. He did not pretend to stand any taller than the rest of his people. My grandfather would have said that's the way to win, but it is ours. We will win it.

I do not really know you, but I do not believe you can carry or hold on the right to be ourselves. I hope you are beautiful, and I hope we can change together. ■

ALASKA

power. He is fundamentally impulsive, and very emotional, to the point of rejecting tenets, tubercular analysis of reality. In the past he had trouble accepting criticism. I don't think he's changed. He's simply witnessed the past bourgeois society inside himself."

On January 24, 1973, Vallières gave himself up to the police in a scene full of dramatic overtones that were played up in the media. Released on bail the next day, he eventually went to work at Mount Laurier, 145 miles north of Montreal, as a coordinator of a federally funded LIP project.

The news that federal justice would pay Vallières' salary evoked a wave of protest from Conservative and Creditiste MPs. In the midst of the emotional storm brewing around his employment, Vallières announced he would not report to work for his work only expenses.

On October 4, Vallières received a suspended sentence for the charges stemming from the October crisis and he was put on probation for four months. On March 1, 1973, the Quebec appeal court acquitted him of manslaughter in connection with the death of Thérèse Morin in 1966.



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In the interval before the last trial, reports of the situation in Mont Laurier. Quebec newspapers showed that Vallières had managed to turn most of the suspicion against him into respect and sympathy. He had invited to every corner of the county, holding public meetings in dozens of halls and church basements. He had personally met thousands of people. Many of them looked at the catalyst became strong adherents, and the feeling was mutual.

There is now talk in the region of a "revolving door" of the population. Examples cited are those of a group of workers at Sogefor (the collective name of four wood-product factories owned and run by the Quebec government), who, threatened with the loss of their jobs, have bought back their factory by setting up a cooperative. There is a new association for the defense of social rights. There is the newspaper, *Revue Hebdo*, founded on a cooperative basis to inform people of local affairs and aimed at the underprivileged of the region. Vallières' contribution to all this is hard to define. His collaborators and some people in the region speak of him as an "ordinary guy", others regard him as a hero.

After the federally funded project was over, Vallières decided to remain in the region, and he now runs an abandoned farm in Forêt Neuve, a small village north of Mont Laurier, for \$20 a month. He lives frugally on royalties from his books, supplemented by unemployment insurance, while he looks for a job.

These are the public faces of Vallières' life, they are familiar and expressive, I am no closer to reaching the private life. As a fictional character, Vallières would probably have to be rewritten.

Our next meeting takes place at a junior college for English-speaking students in Montreal, where Vallières has been invited to speak to a small group. The room fills up quickly. I learn that White Ruggers is one of the texts studied by the students, along with Germaine Omer's *The French Revolution*, and Léonard Bernier's *Peter Manual*.

Vallières appears relaxed, as comfortable here as he is with his friends. I comment on this and he tells me that it is not always that way for him. "Two weeks ago I was invited to speak to a group of teachers at a school in a suburban restaurant in Old Montreal. While they were enjoying their after-dinner cigars and liquors, I sat wondering what I was doing there. Not so long ago I couldn't have imagined myself at this kind of function. But now I'll talk to anybody and listen to everybody to see if we can find common solutions, or whether our differences are irreconcilable."

"You know, after that meeting with the businessmen, one of them came up to me and invited me to his plant to talk continued on page 37

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But Frank also deserves a great deal of time and effort to be commended. He's been a city alderman since 1970, and has just been re-elected for another term. In 1969, he was named Sportsman of the Year for his work as fund-raising chairman for the town's Youth Arena for ice hockey.

His basic philosophy? "The customer and his needs must come first. If you take care of your customers, they'll take care of you." It seems to be working well for Frank.

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VALLIERES continued

to his workers. That sort of thing couldn't have happened before. Who knows, tonight there may be two or three people here I can reach. And the session began. I realize that the discussion between Vallières and the students is hopelessly lingoed from the start in spite of everyone's goodwill.

Vallières speaks in French and only two of the Vallières have any real facility with the language. The translations are tedious and inaccurate. A mood of restlessness settles over the room and the intensity of feeling evident at the outset is quickly lost in the search for vocabulary.

The discussion centres on the anarchists' insurance that Frank became the working language of the province. The students cannot understand why questions of language should take precedence over the "more important" social and economic issues. In the midst of this groping for words, the frustration with delineated thoughts, I'm suddenly struck by the irony of these questions.

Yet, Vallières' answers show no signs of dependency. One answer for the solid belief in the kind of "solid" revolution he believes, and it leaves him invulnerable to attacks. Calm and patient, he answers the same questions over and over again.

At the end of the evening, those who were sympathetic to his views at the outset were heard, the others leave talking among themselves.

We had agreed to meet once more at Fernex Neveu. The top is delayed twice. Vallières stays on in Montreal longer than he expected, detained by visits to doctors. His health has not been good since prison. The second week, there is a snowstorm and the road north is blocked. Finally, the weather and circumstances are favorable and I'm on my way. I have never been farther north than St. Jean and on the clear cold day, there is a sense of adventure and discovery which brightens the journey. Occasionally, I pass trucks filled with logs, returning from the far northern mills. The terrain has an air of raw newness about them that reminds me of photographs of frontier settlements. In Mont Laurier, I stop at a restaurant to ask directions to Fernex Neveu and the priest on the hill-board menu seems a ghostlike presence from a previous era, his religious sandwich 29¢, 2 eggs and toast 69¢, etc.

I find the right road and immediately the countryside becomes agricultural again, farms, barns, manure heaps, dusty cooperatives. Vallières' instructions tell me to look for a "western style" white house. In a few minutes I see it, an 80-year-old homestead, with gleaming Victorian detail.

Inside it is warm and bright. All windows in the room open onto views of snow-covered fields and pine forests. Vallières and Claude have painted their house in strong colors: red, yellow, or-

ange. Coming in from the whitened outside, it seems almost as if the seasons have suddenly changed. An old furnace roars and the room is warm, and the telephone party line rings constantly for one of the other of the seven families who share it.

The house is full of people, some men or in the morning, some others, weekend visitors. They remind me of Vallières' friends in the city. All younger than he, they are part of the new life he has created for himself in the last year-and-a-half. Artists, philosophers, they have been rescued from political preoccupation as they pursue private adventures and the pleasures of self-revelation. Vallières with old political sea and new commitments seems to have wandered in from another generation.

With them is a young generation. It is true that Vallières no longer fits the romantic image of a perennial, self-sustaining revolutionary. Yet his new life in Mont Laurier, where personal change is considered as important as political activities, might, in fact, be closer to the kind of "solid" revolution he has always dreamed about. In White Negro, he described it as a struggle that went beyond the mere overthrow of bourgeois power to create a society where "human persons who are daily threatened, exploited and humiliated will be sufficiently liberated to bring out what is best in himself."

A small child whose parents are asleep appears wanders into the kitchen and the sudden little figure awakes him. Vallières seems to take special delight in the little girl, and as the conversation turns upon children he tells me he is very eager to have children of his own. Around it, other people have gathered, and they freely make it hard for us to talk. In the conversations, references to his past, or any political talk, seems inappropriate. There are many attempts by Vallières' present friends to play down his past political activities. It is a visit of their private synthetic code that they pointed out to take him seriously and among them he persists not to take himself seriously either.

Vallières and I decide to go for a walk outside. Away from his friends he shows no reticence in discussing an orientation to the Paris Québécois. "It was a hard thing for me to do to break with the FLQ. It took me a long time. But people who know me well, like Claude Ryan of Le Devoir, were not surprised when I announced my decision. They knew I was headed in that direction. From the outset I was against single isolated terrorist attacks. They don't accomplish anything, I don't believe in a hit-and-run strategy but in a long-term struggle that builds popular support." I remind him of some harsh words he has said about the PQ in the past.

continued on page 50

"You, it's true. Like most of the left I opposed independence for its own sake for a long time. Now I realize it is of the greatest importance for Quebec. It will give Quebec the necessary political tools. I don't say they will be used properly from the first day on, but at least they'll be available to the people of Quebec. Independence does not carry with it any guarantees, but neither does a revolution."

"I see the PQ as the only real party of the masses that we have in Quebec. Of course it's not perfect. But it's the best means we have right now of setting all

the different aspirations of the people who live here."

He stops, looks about him and searches for words. "I suppose what I've learned in the last few years and what sets me apart from the so-called radical left is that I'm not interested in an official ideology or a systematic theory of reality. We're pragmatists here. That's what makes us North American in Quebec and not European. In the Fifth I couldn't accept that. I looked for solutions in other systems. Now I'm only interested in the concrete effort of people here, people who are working with in-

mediate small problems, like the people in this region. True change will come through them when they want it. That's why I wanted to come here. To get away from intellectual discussions of the correct line, the correct analysis.

"The future? There are many things I'd like to do. To work as a journalist again if someone would offer me a job. Perhaps write a novel. There's a plot for a detective story that I've been turning over in my head for a while. I'd like to talk it over with the others. Why? Because there may be more important work to do, because I don't live just for myself. You might say that I hold myself in the service of the Republic."

We are walking back to the house. I sense that he is anxious for the "work" part of our meeting to be over. Yet he is very gracious, stroking me for dinner, urging me to stay overnight if I can. Inside the house the table has been prepared to accommodate all the guests. A huge pot of spaghetti sauce simmers on the stove. Vallieres busies himself with the wine. He seems particularly happy this evening. His eyes run with affection on his friends, his women, his house, the spread of the land that shelters them all — simple ordinary pleasures, precious and rare in the context of Vallieres' past life. After we've all been served he sits down to gain on his taste his wine and his food with the pleasure of a man whose senses are in harmony.

Once Pierre Vallieres wrote, "I didn't feel that I belonged anywhere. In Ville Jacques Cartier I lived as a stranger, instead of living among others, instead of helping. I was only interested in my work, in myself. In the art galleries, in the theatre restaurants, in the Ecole des Beaux Arts, nowhere did I feel at home. As people say in my milieu, I looked like a lost penguin. With my school friends I rediscovered some ease and pleasure in life, but something also separated me from them. They were content to discuss, they had nothing to offer, to exchange. As a result I felt very much alone." It is hard to imagine Vallieres as the person who wrote that passage. Here in his house, with his friends around him, he looks like a man who his family come home. ■

Much as the lilies bear flowers, they take second place to Molly's real concern — which is doing what she can to cheer and encourage cancer patients.



Photography: Pat Lerner

Molly is a Canadian Cancer Society volunteer. Some afternoons, she visits clinics, where she makes a pot of coffee to share over a chat. Or she may visit patients in hospital or at home. A small contribution? Volunteers like Molly inspire hope in patients, and that's important.

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and taking the day away over the treadmill of the late, ensuring how their hair will look when the camera comes off for their date tonight, and maybe, once in a while, for the camera of your audience, discussing the lucky break or the good marriage which will take them one day to the thirty-third floor of one of those tower blocks across the East River, where, of course, one of their number, now rich and successful, looks back at them and laughs wryly about the long road she's come.

You can't blame them, the journalists and stage makers, for writing it that

way. It's a natural. Listen, Joyce Brook, born in Saskatchewan at the beginning of the dirty Thirties to an Italian piano tuner and a French's daughter, at the age of 12 she moves with the family to Hamilton, where there's more work than in the depressed town of Saskatoon, then at 17, she marries a construction worker called Davidson. So far so good, right? Sounds like Liza Turner in *Something-or-other*. Then, Joyce Davidson, chosen Miss Ontario Silver Pine at 19, mother of two daughters, Constance and Shelley, by 20, separated at 22 (later divorced!), underwear salesman, 273

a week. How could any self-respecting publicity agent resist it? Then the way up, the First Break 25, mounted on a local TV cooking show, the Next 34, nationwide TV commercials for Swanton appliances, and the Big One - discovery by CBC's Ross McIlwain and her first interviewee's chest, on *Tabloid Success*. Her small beginnings now work to her advantage, of course. "Remarkable no-drama simplicity," say the professionals. "A genuine understanding of the ordinary man and woman" (What they really mean is just that she's come up the hard way, for a change.) In return, the ordinary man and woman adopt her as their own. She moves in next door to half of Canada and becomes a national institution.

That makes her a valuable property the other side of the border too. She does commercials and interviews in Los Angeles and New York and is handed over head toward the big money. But then comes Her Majesty's visit, a barren optician, a nervous optician. She flirts off to no-race, sophisticated New York, an Arnie triumph, with a full-length national week make, a four-chance mile, two children, two billion two days and \$50,000 in the bank. *PM East*, *PM West*, though, is a disaster. Miss Wallace, her co-star, is petulant and refractory. First he demands top billing (because she's only a woman, or because she's only a Canadian, do you think?) and then he refuses to appear on camera with her, coarsely claiming, it seems, that her good looks detract from his gravity. All her ego set 40 under the circumstances is apt for the quest life, give us, record her signature repeatedly and have a reasonable time using out her 16-month contract. For her it looks like the end of the road, next door to next country to anti-story-placed, at a few short years. Americans, after all, are not sympathetic to failure. And her are Canadians, when the failure happens in America.

But then along came David Saskin.



—Continued on page 44

When you complain about improper advertising, we do something about it. Fast. For example:

The case of the missing miles

From the files of the Advertising Standards Council

An advertisement for a car rental company carried an attractive offer of a fixed monthly rental rate plus a charge for each mile... but failed to mention that the rate only applied if the customer drove a certain minimum number of miles.

This is the advertising rule that was broken.

"No advertisement shall be prepared, or be knowingly accepted, which makes misleading or inaccurate representations of actual and comparative prices." (From the Canadian Code of Advertising Standards. For the complete code, write to the address in the coupon below.)

Here's what we did about it.

The Council ruled the advertisement to be a violation of the Code, and the car rental company agreed not to repeat this offer without including information about the minimum mileage requirement.

Keep this complaint notice. If you see advertising you think is dishonest or unfair, send it to us.

Advertising Standards Council COMPLAINT NOTICE

Product or Service _____

Date advertisement appeared _____

Where it appeared: ☐ TV ☐ Newspaper ☐ Magazine

☐ Radio ☐ Outdoor ☐ Street

Name of publisher or station _____

Please investigate this advertisement which in my opinion breaks the Canadian Advertising Standards Code because _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ Province _____

Advertising Standards Council, Suite 302, 1240 Bay Street, Toronto, Canada M5R 3A7

The Advertising Standards Council is a division of the
Canadian Advertising Advisory Board. We work for better advertising.

See Spain! Win a holiday for 2 with Tab or with Fresca.

Discover how Tab or Fresca, the sugar free, low-calorie beverages, along with Coppertone, QT or Solarcaine, might help you "Own the Sun" by winning a holiday for two in Spain... or one of hundreds of other prizes. Get full contest details on how you may win wherever Tab, Fresca, Coppertone, QT or Solarcaine are sold. Contest closes July 6th, 1973

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At first he was a cloud no bigger than a man's head, a gossip-column one-liner, a distant rumor among Joyce's friends. Gradually, though, their "compromisability" (a word from another Joyce collection) they became one of those omnipresent page stars. "Guns who turned up this week in Tennessee, where Joyce Davidson is location press agent on *60 The Way Home*..." "Guns who're getting a salute call and a diamond watch from..." "There was, in Canada, a lot of that kind of Puckadilly depicted in news. It wasn't, in fact, that they were named, in April 1986, that the name (the Joyce Davidson, remember?) disappeared out of newspaper references to him. The marriage (to an authentic American actress, story, after all) in some way pressed her back into the molds of the old stereotypes. The way it was now rewritten, David was given familiar friends, Miss Rags-to-Riches and the Canadian Girl-Nut-Dotter. Joyce was given Mr. New York, his three children, a \$100,000 apartment on the thirty-third floor and a nice big slice of the American Dream.

"I took you for a line one." We met for lunch the following week, in a restaurant across the street from her very old subway. She was standing by the bar in a white fur hat-coat and a pair of

sleeks that looked as if she'd been in films when they'd been made and ceased. The tiny mark on her head had a gaily-saucy of other colors being house for the upper hand by the park is it. We sat down. Behind her, a line of UN Peace parties sat at the bar, admiring the reflections of their nail polish in the cool steam of their martinis. The barmaid was one of those eye-and-order-overlookers, I remember. He had a knack for dipping down behind the bar just in time to miss the lighting of a cigarette. From where I sat, he looked like one of those target Ping-Pong balls on a jet of water that collapse away from the sight of your last fairground. Washers right when you've got a head on it, it was a nice place. Good salads.

Two things along to mind from our conversation. The first was the moment when I began really to like her. She had just come back from Washington, where David had been filming the Chinese astronauts, a soap. On the way back to the hotel after the performance, in the troupe's bus, she'd decided to teach them a song from *The Sound Of Music*. "The only other people song they knew was 'Jinga Janga, Jinga Janga, Jinga' was the way." It was an invitation without an answer. She (and they) had obviously had a wonderful time.

The second was a story that was important to her. It had a way later, off-cropping back, ultimately, into the conversation. "I see Snow White, the original Snow White, when I was six, in grade one. And I had that fantasy about her." She picked at her salad. She never ate lunch. "I remember I told my mother that we were going to do it at school, and that I'd been chosen to play Snow White." She laughed. She hadn't, of course. It was a fantasy. But for weeks there were secret rehearsals. Some day *My Pretty One* came, everything. It wasn't until the day of the imaginary performance that she was found out and her fantasy became story, unshared. Years later, though, when she was 27, she was asked to play Snow White for real, at an annual benefit for the Ottawa Symphony Orchestra. A partial cast list read as follows: The Prince: The Minister of Transport ("There were a couple of other ministers in those some place"). One of the dwarfs: the "publisher-editor of a great Montreal French-language newspaper." The wicked witch: "the head of the Anglican Church." The "one who gives me the apple": "The supervisor of the head of Macy's Department Store." For the poor girl from Saskatchewan, it was a magical evening. "But the funny thing was that, when I first got the invitation, I called up my mother to tell her — 'Hey mother, I'm going to play Snow White in Ottawa' — and all she could think of to say was 'Good, no Joyce, no, not again.'"

Fairy kingdoms like Snow White always live in towers, don't they? — when they come to the end of their stories and start living happily ever after. Maybe because they're heroes, or a result of their adventures, too dangerously magical to be able to live near ordinary people. The thought occurs to me in the minutest of the Saskatchewan UN film I never took the next day. Behind in the dark town's center. Yes, getting past all these people is a bit like getting across the magic castle. That dilemma, for instance, I swear I've been in just the sort of dramatically military uniform Hardy Amies, say, would design for higher ranks in the Fairyland Army. Then there's a perfect Lord Chamberlain at the front desk, and male wing-collared jansonnies who look as if they've just come off the set of *Alvin In Wonderland*. And, yes, of course, it would be along just such ritual carpeted corridors, led by just such men, that you would have to walk if you were to meet the heroes of the fairy visions.

There's Johnny Carson! Oh, that's right, he lives here. So does Edna Karavay, now I come to think of it. So does Thomas Capone. And maybe that's the point. There are all people who are out, for us and for themselves, different as-

continues on page 68

Nice weather for Ducks.

When it comes to your favorite André's Duck, pleasure knows no season. André's Cold Duck, a beautiful blend of champagne and burgundy. Or André's Baby Duck, the happy marriage of a robust red wine to a delicate, sparkling white. Whatever the weather, now's the time to get going.

ANDRÉS
CHAMPAGNE OF THE WORLD



"I hope they brought lunch."

proof of the fulfillment of the dream. They have the same function for this absurd society as the hero of the fairy story, with an inheritance of power and grace and wisdom, did and does for us either age. And as the hero is trapped in the dream landscape of his story, so are these people trapped in theirs. I feel the psychological distance from the streets where we are told to live in the fairy story.

For there to give Joyce Staudard some notes I've made on an idea she had for a screenplay has about a successful writer who has become the darling of New York society, a celebrity. Money

and gossip and adulation have lost him his touch with his talent. Instead, he has become the flower of the thirty-third floor. He lives with a woman he loves, as far as it's possible for him to love. She is beautiful and well connected, but in the end only an accessory to his charm. Together they play our glorious but what! before the bottom falls out, one last year of magnificent befuddling among the beautiful. People. He will be generous with his talent. She will find his joy in a rich man's bed. Together, out of it, they will make art. — The barest bones, the story, if you like of a man expatriated

from the roots of his creativity, and a woman expatriated (because she's an analyst) from her sense of herself. Tristan Capote is, of course, somewhat like the male character, but then almost all writers have in them the seeds of his expensive self-destruction. Is Joyce Staudard, I wonder, at all like the female character?

"No," she says. "I'd seen it up by talking people exactly what I thought." Yes, that's probably true. Her manner is too direct to admit of the complicated loyalties demanded by the role. There are elements of her art, certainly, that are insufficiently, for example, very much concerned with her position as "an actress, what Joe Moskowitz called 'mommy's wife'" ("I have a great gift for patience, though. Something of my own will wait up").

There is the problem, too, of "where else is there to go?" I mean, if you make it in Canada, you come to New York; and, if you make it in New York, you come here, to the thirty-third floor. This is the logic of the dream. From now on there is no threat of your dreaming. All you can hope to do is to produce other men's versions of the dream, to make a salon perhaps. Joyce Staudard certainly has all the necessary qualities, a tough, self-deprecating sense of humor ("Consciousness workers don't whistle at me any more. Bunk emerges do") a way of coming up slow and, then pointing, up, an aphorism ("The English have a capacity for fineness, Americans for conquest") a remarkable memory for past conversations, phrases, people, and that convenient quality of paying no attention And yet. — New Yorkers, you see, don't talk like you usually do, even when free. And when without talk are usually content to be in the investigation of each other's relationships, volatile things. It is in this environment that Joyce Staudard is probably most expatriated from her talent. She must have been a marvelous interpreter.

We say good-bye. Before I leave, though, I decide I'd like to have another look at the view, the city without streets. We stand for a long 90 seconds watching the wind on the water. "My son," she says, looking into the distance, "once day all this" — her hand sweeps up the East River, Manhattan, Queens, the whole western-gray city — "will be gone!" It's a perfectly finished gesture, one made with grace. It catches exactly the faded twilight of opinion of all those late-afternoon moments when making it means a long hard road from your own no-man's-land to other men's no-man's-land and tells you along the way in selflessness, righteousness and regret. She makes the nice and its stereotypes, but gently, with affection. "My son, some day all this will be gone."

"Can I afford it?" I reply. ■

The test of a truly fine gin is not how many people try it, but how long they stay with it.



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The Most Exciting 23-Day Vacation Through Europe!

MACLEAN'S EUROPEAN GRAND TOUR '73



A Maclean-Hunter European Grand Tour introduced last season generated so much enthusiasm that we simply had to offer it to you in 1973 — and that means it's even greater and more exciting than before!

Yes, that's right! Last year, responses to our wonderful European package were so utterly overwhelming that we actually had to leave every more than half of the people who wanted to join us!

We truly regret that we had to disappoint so many of our readers. And we promised them — and ourselves — that we would plan a 1973 tour that would more than make up for this disappointment. And here it is! And if you were one of those who were left behind last year, or even one of the lucky ones who came with us to Europe in '72 (over 70% of the people in our '73 Tour who were surveyed told us that the trip was terrific value, and most of them would be interested in taking our tour again just next year, and so will be a marvelous bonus package we have put together for you this year — and again at considerable savings!

Maclean's European Grand Tour '73 includes:

- Seven Countries
- Eleven of Europe's most glamorous cities
- All transportation costs for the entire tour, including jet to London and return, cross-channel steamer, luxury Continental touring coach and all other transportation costs (even baggage to and of this 23-day road vacation)
- All hotel accommodations for the entire length of the tour (and the rail and taxes are included! Nothing extra to pay!)
- Wonderful meals! All breakfasts — all dinners on the Continent! All lunches when you are with your tour companions (This, you will have plenty of time for sight-seeing or looking up old friends



and relatives.) Plus our get-together afternoon tea in London, and a final farewell supper party.

All the excitement and side trips that we have planned for you! (You'll read about all of these exciting attractions in the day-by-day itinerary we will send you immediately.)

• It's exciting in some of the most delightful and romantic cities in the world! Cities you've always longed to visit! London, Amsterdam, Bonn, Heidelberg, Innsbruck, Venice, Florence, Rome, Milan, Lucerne, Paris!

And much, much more than we can describe here!

It's Really Fabulous! And The Cost Is As Low As \$759.00. (Plus Tax! You Would Pay For The Same Trip Using Regularly Scheduled Airfare Services!)

Of course, we have provided Maclean's tour leaders, guides, and drivers whose friendship and helpfulness you can confidently rely on. And to guarantee our European Grand Tour members the absolute in confidence and discretion Maclean's has retained the services of one of Canada's most experienced travel agencies. This year, we will have weekly departures from May through September.



The Complete Cost of Maclean's European Grand Tour '73 As Low As

\$759.00

— per person, double occupancy. Peak months up to \$765.00.

Eastern Departures

Weekly departures from Montreal every Sunday from May 6 to September 30. Weekly departures from Toronto every Sunday from May 5 to September 29.

From Montreal — 21-day itinerary from \$139.

From Toronto — 22-day holiday from \$149.

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Most of our western departures include extra days in Britain.

From Edmonton — 20-day holiday from \$149.

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The Offer Will Not Be Repeated

Remember this is your last chance to get on the trip of a lifetime. Put in your order now. Our tour is being made on a first come, first served basis — we limit each tour departure to 40 persons — 40 party.

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Maclean-Hunter Travel Projects, 681 Cypress Avenue, Toronto, Canada M5N 1A7			
<input type="checkbox"/> Please guarantee a reservation for me!			
Date Desired		Alternate Date	
(Weekly departures from May through September)			
I am definitely interested in Maclean's European Grand Tour '73 but I want to learn more about it before I make my reservation. I know it's first come, first served — so please rush me brochures, itinerary and other information.		No. of Persons	
<input type="checkbox"/> Please send details on departures from Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver.			
Name			
Address			
City			
From			
Postal Code			

The chairman is desperately glancing around the table at the Indian names of whom he has just said before. He's looking for clues that will identify the speaker. The Indian group is that he can address his opening remarks in the direction of that person. The normal clues are missing. The Indians all seem to be dressed about the same. There doesn't seem to be any person who is being deferred to. Even the way they are being taken their seats does not appear to set one apart from another. Time to begin.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen. As you know this meeting has been called to discuss the importance of housing to the Indian community. Let us begin this morning by reviewing the progress we have made in the past several years. This is a most difficult problem, as you all know."

The meeting has begun and after the chairman has given a historical background to the meeting, looking up to his eyes and after passing facts and figures that are passed to him from time to time by one of his subordinates, and after he has assured everyone that the government is interested in solving all problems related to this topic, and after he has thanked everyone for their interest, and after he has outlined the various topics on the agenda, he sits down and opens the meeting to a discussion of the first topic on the agenda.

The Indian delegates have sat patiently through the opening remarks although they are somewhat confused by the chairman's speech. They all know the reason they were at the meeting. It was obvious. And as they talk to each other about the chairman. But that's the white man's way. He's always talking of the obvious. Like when he says "Nice day." Or if you put your coat on to go out he always says "Are you going out now?"

The chairman is now looking about the room. He is waiting for the leader of the Indian group to comment on his re-

marks. The Indians are sitting quietly but no one volunteers to comment. The silence is becoming uncomfortable to the white delegates. "I'm sure," one official says "that we all share the feeling of the chairman, and I believe that all of us at this table want to get down to the serious business at hand, even though we are well aware of our limitations and fully realize that these problems are not all going to be solved today we certainly will continue to try our best to solve the problem."

The Indian delegates are further confused. If the problems aren't going to be solved what is the reason for the meeting? If you listened more with first kind of attitude you'd start to think.

The chairman speaks up "Are there any questions?" he asks.

The Indian delegates are silent. They really don't have any questions, they came to the meeting with expectations that the white delegates may not be aware of. Vital information that must be taken into account when the problem of housing is solved.

The chairman is getting a little frustrated. Don't these people talk? He directs a question to one of the Indian delegates. What is your feeling concerning these issues?

The Indian begins "Well, you know last week I sat some seats out down near my place. I spent all last winter making these seats. I been using my seat in the same place for years, then last week the game wardens came by and seized my seat. He says that I'm taking out of season now I have to go to court."

The chairman looks uncomfortable. He says just that is a problem, however, let's get on with the topic of housing. He directs a question toward another Indian delegate.

"What's your feeling?"

"Well, we had a morning of council back home, lots of people don't like to have to carry their water from the com-

munity pump. There's just the one pump to serve the whole community, we tried to get the council at home to vote for three new wells to be dug that way we wouldn't have to walk so far. Maybe have one well for every five families, but the Indian Agent said no."

Another Indian delegate speaks up "I got some kids, they run through the house all the time in and out the door, always banging the door. I tell them not to take it may be you know how kids are. They forget the minute you tell them. I have to put hinges on the door every two weeks. I get my hinges from the hardware store in town but it doesn't do no good them kids knock them off just the same."

The chairman is impatient by this time "Yes, well these are problems. I know how it is, I've got a young girl myself you know... he, he. But now to get back to the problem of housing..."

Throughout the year in dozens of Indian communities similarly futile sessions have been held. The people may change but the basic breakdown in communication remains the same. This particular meeting broke up with the white feeling that the Indians were incapable of intelligently discussing the issue at hand and instead took up valuable time talking about side issues. The Indians, on the other hand, were left confused and angry that the whites were not interested in listening to them. How did this happen when both sides arrived at the meeting with good intentions?

Let's review the content of the meeting. The Indian delegates assumed that, since a meeting was called to solve the problem of housing, it was obvious that the problem would be solved in the course of the discussions. It was not necessary to discuss the housing issue *per se*, but to concentrate on those areas that were not so obvious, such as conditions. If the government is going to solve the problem thereby making it impossible to earn a living how are you going to be able to afford to pay for a house as the first place? Or, as another person pointed out, if it's responsible to get a new well dug how are the Indians going to convince the government to put proper sewage and water systems into these houses when they are built? And finally, as another delegate pointed out, conditions on the reserve require that these houses be built must be made of material sturdy enough to withstand the rigors of reserve life, certainly the quality of hinges on a door used by bare children has to be stronger than ones used in the city that will not be subjected to the same wear and tear.

The white complaints of course missed their real point, simply because in most meetings of this kind they were not prepared for the Indian method of pointing and giving information.

Continued on page 28

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for beauty



and a reputation for quality



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Someday all this will be there

In a nation of big wheels like Tilden, Hertz and Avis, can a new Canadian rent-a-car company like HOST survive?

Sure, we know it's going to be tough to get you to rent one at our rate instead of one of them. We know we're not going to win you over with the name, new cars, fast friendly service, fast pickup-up and delivery for everybody, plus you don't have to ask for a license, right? Right? But here's an offer only we can give you.

Which, when you think about it, are three pretty good reasons for your money, which when you think about it, are three pretty good ways to survive.

For your classic HOST offer, look in the Yellow Pages under Automobile Rentals for all major credit cards (except American Express).



Economy
\$5 a day, plus mileage and GST
Compact
\$7 a day, plus mileage and GST
Intermediate or full size
\$9 a day, plus mileage and GST

The above rates apply at participating "major" locations.

Also about our new "5-Day Weekly Rates":
Saturdays and Sundays Compact cars \$20 plus mileage and GST. Intermediate or full size cars \$26 plus mileage and GST.
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REBIRTH continued

English as a language tends to have a built-in either/or quality about it. People who speak English tend to think in either/or terms. Up or down, black or white, good or bad. It's a device of language that is used constantly in the white community. The tendency in the Indian community is to view all things together as existing in an either/or dimension, not as separate conditions but rather as both conditions existing at one and the same time. Women will often find it difficult to get Indians to take a less either/or position on anything for this reason. The standard Indian answer to most questions of an either/or nature is "maybe," including invitations to dinner.

The Indians' a usually answer of the changing and increasing nature of the answer so is therefore more comfortable living with those fluctuations than trying to fight them and suffer the associated stress when the answer does not coincide with our schedule.

I find that I have difficulty many times trying to decide just what "right" means and "left" begins when driving around with my Indian friends. It seems to me, when entering a which way to turn, to be told by an Indian to "go that way" accompanied by a gesture of the head or arm. However, when I have done the same thing to a white companion I find him becoming nervous and demanding a "right" or "left" answer.

Not too long ago I was waiting at Gwynne street friend of mine, at his home on a small reserve in southern Ontario. He had recently applied to the Department of Indian Affairs and Northern Development for a grant to open up an art school on the reserve to teach young people in the community and teach crafts. The department turned his application down and my friend said it was talking about the difficulties that Indian people have in trying to introduce improvements in their communities. My friend, who was having a difficult time financially, had moved back to the reserve and had set up a studio in one small room off the kitchen. He had to work under miserably difficult conditions. An easel was set up in one corner already crumpled with paint, paper, canvas and other materials. I was feeling sorry for his depressing problems, so money, bad working conditions, when the conversation suddenly turned to something that had taken place on the reserve just that day. Treaty Day is the day when the government cashes your checks over five dollars to each Indian in the community, thereby fulfilling a treaty obligation when the Indians assigned their lands to the federal government. I asked my friend what he had spent his five dollars on.

"Oh I didn't spend it," he replied. "I continued on page 72"

Which color TV needs fewest repairs? TV servicemen say Zenith.

Here are the questions and answers from a nationwide survey of independent TV service shops.

QUESTION: "In general, of the brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	22%
Brand A	3%
Brand B	6%
Brand C	8%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	4%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	4%
Brand H	3%
Brand I	2%
Other Brands	4%
More than one/all same	17%
Don't know	12%

QUESTION: "In general, which of the brands you are familiar with is the highest quality color TV set?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	33%
Brand A	10%
Brand B	8%
Brand C	5%
Brand D	4%
Brand E	3%
Brand F	3%
Brand G	3%
Brand H	2%
Brand I	2%
Other Brands	2%
More than one/all same	6%
Don't know	12%

QUESTION: "If you were buying a new color TV set for yourself today, which brand would you buy?"

ANSWERS: Zenith	24%
Brand A	13%
Brand B	12%
Brand C	7%
Brand D	6%
Brand E	6%
Brand F	4%
Brand G	4%
Brand H	4%
Brand I	4%
Other Brands	6%
Don't know	12%

How the survey was made.

One of the largest research firms in Canada conducted this study of independent service-men's attitudes toward brands of color television. Telephone interviews were conducted with TV servicemen themselves during January 1978, in major cities from coast to coast. To eliminate the factor of loyalty to a single brand, the study included only shops which serviced more than one brand of TV. Survey details are available on request. Write to: Zenith Radio Corporation of Canada Ltd., 435 Homer Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M5M 2A6.



Standard TV picture

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REDBIRD continued
give it away to some poor people."

I quickly realized my stupidity in feeling sorry for my friend. I had allowed myself to become a victim of a White Liberal perception: as the expense of my natural understanding as an Indian person. I told my friend what I had been thinking and we both broke into a burst of good-natured laughter at my expense.

This wasn't the first time that I've been jolted back to reality by the wisdom of Indian perceptions. Once while visiting out west I was engaged in conversation with a group of Indians. An old man in his seventies told us of an encounter he had as a young man with a white insurance agent.

"He told me of I bought life insurance and paid the premium every year that I would collect dividends in my old age and be taken care of," the old man said. "I didn't buy that insurance. I told that man that Indian insurance is better than white man's insurance."

I didn't quite understand what the old man meant by "Indian insurance" and pressed him for an explanation. He looked annoyed that I didn't know I appeared to be an educated person.

"Indian insurance," he said, "Well you see it's like this. When I was a young man I gave this fellow a pillow and that fellow a piece of beef, maybe I gave this other fellow a couple of dollars. All my life I paid my premiums on my Indian insurance. Now I am an old man, I get paid back from all my friends and I'm well looked after. You see I think my Indian insurance is better than white man's insurance."

It is exactly the dual most Indians share, a deep-seated faith in their indigenous cultural values but philosophically and as a practical way of life. This attitude is not a rejection of white values. The values were always there. It's just that many Indians feel that the Indian way works better in their cases. A lot of people like to compare Indian civilization with white civilization, and in their eagerness to find similarities of progress etc. examples of great Indian achievements, such as pyramids and paved roads. From the examples of how the Indians were really not such a primitive after all. Finally, I've always been for

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more impressed with what we did not have than what cultures considered essential we be given to live in a civilized manner. We did not have a concept of land ownership, competition for personal gain, armies, legislated law, judges, engrained police forces, jails, patronage, political parties, money, or a written language. Yet so one will deny that North American Indian people were living in a highly civilized manner. When Columbus arrived on the shores of America he brought with him three ideas that were quite foreign to the Indian way of perceiving the world. They were: (a) the idea of time as moving through space; (b) the idea of work for work's sake; (c) a concept of saving for a "rainy day." To the Indian time was a

matter of diction, a getting later of all things. He greeted the day as an old friend emerging from the night, the same friend he had known all his life, a little older but very much the same. Work for work's sake was simply an unreasonable, vulgar concept that has never been understood by Indians to this very day. To the Indian way of thinking work is much more than a grudging drudgery. The Indian believes it is intelligent to prepare your mind and body to experience hunger when it occurs rather than storing money or food in the hope that hunger will never be an experience that will have to be faced. The white man saves for a depression. The Indian prepares by learning how to starve.

While governments and other well-intentioned agencies are introducing programs to solve all the problems in the Indian community and discover instead that they are just piling failure upon failure, the old Indian ways are still teaching the techniques of natural death, the preparing of the mind and body to mind change and face creation, with a mind that is vocal in consciousness, thoughts that are definite, steadily sustained and charged with strongly felt good intentions, for only through the process of thought and desire together struggling for the ultimate power of goodness will the Indian people be sustained as the day becomes later and later. This is what it is to be a man and an Indian. ■

SLUMBER

increased occurrence of unpleasant dreams.

There can be any number of reasons for sleep disturbances. We are living in a society where technological advances give most people a sense of living under the threat of obsolescence. Sometimes just contemplating the obscure future can produce prolonged bouts of insomnia. And air travel has caused a new sort of time-zone insomnia.

Any modern change in our lifestyle — as often in the family, a domestic quarrel, or job changes, good or bad — can cause sleep loss. Mothers with newborn infants suddenly find they have a misanthrope that awakens them with every change in the baby, even slight positional changes.

Children also experience sleep disorders, particularly difficulty in getting to sleep. Many researchers attribute this to the fact that, in our civilized society, children are placed in a separate room to sleep. In societies where children and adults sleep together, children have been observed to show very little resistance to sleep. In terms of sleep, at least, we may have been better off when we all craved to be one.

Many of us grow up staring at parents prodding a rigid uterus for a healthy life. Parents fill of toothbrushes and milk bottles, glasses of water and green leafy vegetables. Canada's Food Rules. And right hours of sleep. Any marauder during the day was generally considered to be the result of not getting enough sleep. That spirit of the magic night still haunts most of us.

Right hours' sleep is a myth. Some people get on magnificently well with two hours' sleep a night, represented by catnaps during the day. It can be a problem, though, when people who live together find that their biological clocks tick on different time zones — a day woman married to a night man, for instance. Sometimes one or the other part-

ner can compensate by napping. However, if you are one of those people who sit awake glowering at your peacefully sleeping partner, you can take some comfort in the results of a 1972 survey carried out in Boston. It showed that short sleepers were generally calm, efficient people with a tendency to manage stress by keeping busy or by refusing to admit their impulses. Long sleepers were worried and tended to be mildly depressed and anxious. But long sleepers, take heart! Several of your number were found to be above normal in creativity.

These findings, though, are cold com-

fort to the short sleeper who suffers from the conviction that he's really a long sleeper in disguise. The person who has insomnia.

Mild sleep disorders are usually easily remedied by a compensating nap the following day. If early morning waking occurs, most people will naturally go to bed earlier the following night. Deliberately not taking sleep is usually helped by sleeping longer the next morning.

Unfortunately, many simple sleep disorders are often treated as physical illnesses. In 1973, more prescriptions were written in North America for barbiturates and tranquilizers than all other drugs combined. Yet research now indicates that many people are developing a healthy reluctance to take pills for sleeping disorders.

This reaction against popping out with a sleeping pill is a good sign. Dr. Anthony Kales, of the Sleep Research and Treatment Facility at UCLA's Medical Center, has reported on sleep-lab studies of patients using hypnotic drugs and is concerned about the potent and unrecognized danger of sleeping pills. Many of these hypnotic drugs suppress dream-recall sleep, which is physically and psychologically therapeutic. The withdrawal of such drugs results in a sudden increase in REM sleep, and this rebound effect can cause the serious patient to have more dreams than usual, often in the form of nightmares. The other equally undesirable effect is tolerance. When sleeping medication is withdrawn, the rebound period makes it soundingly difficult for patients to resume the drug and provides a perfect pretext for continuing the medication.

If pills become absolutely necessary in the treatment of a sleep disorder, Kales requires that they meet several important criteria. The drug should prove to be clearly effective for both the induction and the maintenance of sleep.

continued on page 78

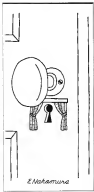


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SLEEPER

This effectiveness should not diminish quickly, necessitating an increased dose. Above all, the drug should produce a maximum of alterations in the normal stages of sleep.

For patients trying to kick the sleeping pill habit, Klotz recommends extremely gradual withdrawal at the rate of one half-tablet dose for every five or six days. Doctors should warn their patients that severe changes may occur, including increased dreaming and nightmares, and reassure them that the nightmares are part of the withdrawal, not signs of a change in the patient's psychological state. The drug can also be replaced by another drug that does not suppress REM sleep. Most important, both doctor and patient must regard sleeping medication as an absolute last resort in treating sleep disturbances.

In North America, we become anxious and apprehensive about brief periods of sleep loss. We must have a great night's sleep in order to be up with the sun, ready to assault the next day. Our obsession with sleep and our demands for sleeping with other drugs have led to a boom in sleep devices and controls. Some people advocate earplugs and eye masks, others water mattresses and massage beds. People have superstitions about sleep: you can't sleep with your head at the foot of the bed, sleep on the left side aids digestion, on the right side prevents nightmares.

Most of these devices are next to useless and, devoted to the level of fanatics, they are anything but relaxing. There are coffee, temper and health magazines that most of us can develop on our own to combat the occasional bout of sleeplessness.

Everyone has a pattern they follow, either consciously or unconsciously, before they go to bed. Maintain the pattern. Go to bed at the same time if you are sleepy, have the room at the accustomed temperature and establish a ritual in terms of washing, showering and brushing your teeth. If following your own periodic sleep ritual, you can be confident that your normal sleeping patterns will return.

Bedtime snacks, aspirins, preprandial drugs and alcohol are not particularly helpful, especially if they're not constant parts of your sleep ritual. The hot milk fixations, though, have a plus on their side. A recent British study showed that early morning restlessness decreased in a group of 20- to 30-year-olds when a hot drink at bedtime. And in an older group, sleep following a drink of warm milk was unaltered longer than usual and broken less by periods of wakefulness.

When you get a chance, take a nap during the day. Naps don't affect your nighttime sleep, but they have proven to be very effective in decreasing

people's fear of being unable to sleep. If you're sleep-deprived, don't try to force it. That is the surest advice of all. Get up, go into another room, read a book or write a letter. Lying in bed and staring at the ceiling only aggravates insomnia.

We would like to offer our own version of these school-day pointers—Canada's Sleep Rules, if you like—for the treatment of sleeplessness.

1. Try to identify some variation in your daily schedule that may have caused the disturbance, a return to normal patterns will also bring the return of normal sleep.

2. Preserve your own sleep ritual during periods of disturbed sleep.

3. If you have difficulty falling asleep, sleep in when possible.

4. If you experience early morning awakening—get up! You may find yourself ready for bed earlier the next night.

5. There are games to sleep by, and music that relaxes concentration and produces the slowed rhythms of breathing and pulse rate that send you into the gradual descent of dreamless sleep. Try any of the following mind tricks, or develop a few of your own.

• Visualize a calm, mountain lake, or a theater curtain slowly opening and closing.

• Think, in alphabetical order, of all the men's or women's names you know.

• Recall multiple-choice tables (like in all very well for people who know them).

• Continue the plot of an interesting book or movie (For instance: What if Rhett Butler came back to Scarlett O'Hara?).

• Read a dull book. (It's hard to know whether a book is dull or not before you read it.)

• Count your blessings—think about pleasant things that have happened to you, or about things you like.

Sleep, anyone?

6. If you experience acute insomnia, or if you are under unusual stress, then and only then accept a drug which induces a sleep that is as natural as possible. It must induce sleep rapidly and maintain it. Do have extreme intervention before asking a doctor for sleeping in a situation. Finally, if all else fails, become interested in the phenomena of sleep. Some of the research is a certified spectacle.

We are only beginning to learn about one of the most fascinating of human experiences, the nightly trip we all take into the hidden recesses of the human mind. All right, long we ride up and down on the escalator of consciousness. The lives we lead in sleep are possibly the most exciting area of our preoccupations. Maybe one day, research will allow us to observe our second life. Then, instead of dreamy displays of daily living, we shall have vivid documentation of the life we lead in sleep. ■



The best way to recognize the quality in them,
is to recognize the name on them.

Hiram Walker. The name reflects quality.

like for the one last night after, when he came out, but that's all that really matters after.

This memory took me back in my own experience 27 years. And during the howl last it appeared to me that the more primitive the weapon the more necessary it was for the hunter to rely on a call of not only his own experience but a subconscious memory that modern man so often avoids. For it seemed that the hunter most likely to succeed is the one who can break through the mind patterns of his human existence and be a creature by the almost forgotten instincts of his predatory nature. He must almost "remember" what it's like to be an animal. Then he will be able to confront his victim at a range close enough to understand its submissive gestures. And then he may attempt a kill. In a week he has to drink, smell and move like the deer. He has to suffer the loss of individual and species identity and, with the help of camouflage clothing and face paint, fade into the natural environment. He has to leave human arrangements behind in favor of the kind of bareness. He has to suppress any aggression (toward members of the hunting party or those he licks outside the sanctuary, any four or five). If he wants to be successful, he has to learn to love his victim, otherwise he is simply lucky. It may be an impossible lesson in the brevity of a week, but three times I believe I saw faces that held that look of intense and instant that accompanies such understanding.

It is the kind of self-knowledge and moral awareness that may have shocked you once as a child. And if you grow up in a farm, it may have been the night your father was lost while hunting, or the next night when he slept through the dawn and at one year and a half you helped your mother stand by with the cow in labor, and you saw your first calf dropped, but you did not like the aftermath in mother's sin.

For the child it is all spectacle and mystery. But the grown hunter practices arrow after arrow and releases his slow-motion bullet of stalking and starts like a dead because he knows what he wants. He wants to court his prey to within 40 yards or less, to draw the 45-pound (mostly) pressure of his bow with a third motion, until it strikes just short of the point that neither he nor the bow can stand) and release his shot, instinctively for a vital spot and a clean, cutting kill. He releases against his righteousness of a poor lot and a wounded deer that he cannot recover. If he is beginning to understand his predatory instinct and the stimuli that release it at this moment, he will have the natural control that ensures odds in favor of a clean harvest of another deer.

Only a few years ago in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, 1945 B.C. before conservation was publicly advocated, a few common poor were leveled with the middle class and forgot their legendary hero, Robin Hood, and before conservation like unemployment, even the back fields of our farm in Cheltenham provided a kind of sanctuary. Back then, Dad hunted and carpentered. Both jobs produced — more accurately, demanded of him — spring through fall. At the first opportunity after the deer season opened he would go to the back fields and tag a carcass of meat for the family. The best kind of venison existed here to the annual, leading trip with the boys toward the end of the season, just about the time he was laid off work for the winter.

Most of us like to believe that those days of hunting, mainly for the meat, are gone for everyone in Canada and that the role of the mighty hunter is past affection of some remnants in 20th-century affluence. Certainly the archery I joined, although many were once great hunters with rifle, could not prove, in terms of the number of deer bagged, the cost per pound for their equipment, their practice time, or their week-long trip to the provincial Department of Lands and Forestation and sanctuary, 140 miles northwest of Halifax.

Before the hunt I met one of the two kinds of archers. He is not a dedicated hunter. Bruce Graves, 26, a production clerk for the Halifax Shipyard, a president of the four-year-old Nova Scotia Archers' Association. The highlights of his living room was the glass of metal cast trophies for target archery, and I believed his dream was to make the Olympics. When we talked of the difference between rifle and bow hunting, we helped one another describe how the high container after the arrow was released, and how the discharge of the rifle was such a shock to the hunter that his flow of attention was immediately slowing down. He asked of the thrill of shooting a creature in power with a bow, without the gunpowder. And I wondered how he treated someone, of course, that someone on my part was unfair. The rifle made my 135-pound working frame was damaged, I carried his well-developed arms and chest. Bruce is a competitive target archer.

But the other kind of archer, the hunter, had his trophies too and a language of frequent sexual overtones (not less far removed from the language of pug and circle slugging on the farm). Don Mathews is a 30-year-old craftsman for a foundry company in Truro. On the wall of his mobile-home bedroom in Brookfield I found the dignity of his 190-pound trophy — a wild boar and his magnificent 14-pound rack of antlers preserved by the woodworker. He's

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BOW HUNTER continued

Don and his friend, Bernie Marshall, 32, an electrical worker with a truck cab manufacturer, have been anchors for five years at members of the Trans Academy Club. They were at the meeting of the hunting party I accompanied. In Bernie's North River living room he showed me an ostrich mounted in a deer's hoof, and her forcing between the legs and shade of a hairy in making a coffee table with the other three legs and a wall hanging from the hole. Their trophies look somewhat out of place on the television or an otherwise synthetic surroundings. But as much as I tried to see the subject, the image of the next hunter, named simply "Bernie," seemed slightly repulsive to my unconsciously put me in mind. I wondered why these men had to use any weapons to capture these latest manifestations of manhood. Military power was just hypocrisy.

BRITISH

Age 10, on behalf the bare one autumn Sunday afternoon, I went with my homemade bow and arrow—a three-foot stick with cotton string made a bow, a stem of galvanized pipe to stick with a new track and ball hammer, flat and sharp, made a swift and balanced arrow. Oh, yeah, I could knock a squirrel out of the backstreet, it would stick in the shingles of the woodshed. Closing berry picking or fishing it was a three- or four-mile walk to the back field where the fawn was grazing. That Sunday it took me about three quarters of an hour and it seemed like days. As first I ran through the hedges in one of those low stoops that, if you're young enough to be sure, then as you know, might make you lose your temper. Then I stopped. Mother and Dad were watching from the kitchen window. They would be nothing as another of the ancient rituals, once designed to grant manhood or fertility perhaps, revealed itself in the disguise of a child's backyard game. I stopped running and faded slowly out of their and the door's sight into the slider patch that ran along the gravel pit. World War II had made of part of our lives in order to build an support in war had been played out our version of 10-cent Saturday matinee and comic book cowboys and Indians, or in not spring you may have played doctor with one of the girls.

Quiet in the slider I sat for a long while, deepening if I would just wait it out and be to them that I had gotten close enough to watch out and touch the deer. But I had never seen a live deer that close, except the few some overseas thought home once and earned to health with a hairy bottle. I was glad to give it to people who couldn't keep it in place. I felt like he and she showed it at the Vermont County Exhibition once when people tried to find it on areas or train as now with anger. I wanted to get close enough to describe something that would make Dad say after — not enough but with his eyes and nose as he nodded — "Yeah, that's how they look."

I crouched in the slider patch to get the wind in my face, so the fawn wouldn't smell or hear me coming. I pulled off handfuls of the hay that was trying to turn the gravel pit into pasture again. I was glad to see it in my yard, some alfalfa branches in my back for cattle. As I crawled through the open field, I recalled stories I had heard of my first brother being pressed down in a field in Holland before he lost his cover and was shot. Several times I looked back, but I didn't see him. I had lost sight of it, in was heading, as I was now, toward a car with the asphalt crew had left behind. One summer afternoon, I was in a white playing in the pit and found a pheasant, both feet stuck fast in the snow-covered pit. With a truck we tried to pry the bird's body from its breaking legs, reaching it, it poked our fingers with short jabs of its tail, and between pity and anger we decided to stare it to death, but we were heavy on the ground, and the pheasant came in agony before it lay in its soft black grave.

About ready to give up, I saw the fawn lift her head and look back at me. For a moment it was like the feeling you have you are about to see the end of the cowboy game that you've shot him, the feeling just before you do something stupid with the gun in the slider patch that will let her know that she can expect to learn nothing from you, and I knew my dying altar, rotting strong and dead and cold, was my only consolation. I was ready to pull the trigger, but I didn't have a trophy, or any proof of my right to manhood, but my gun had worked out. I got close and I felt like for a while now.

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PORSCHE + AUDI

paradise camp. And that's why this group is best called a "baiting party." It's the fellowship of knowing birds and seeing they need. Often hunters say it is as much to get away from the stress and people of the everyday world and into the solitaire of wilderness.

Fans to the Sanctuary are used for a 12-hour maximum study at 6 p.m. So hunters make their camps in tents pitched in a nearby grassy pit, in truck and truck campers, or in the nearest cabin or motel. Our party of seven had reserved two tents of the Tully Lake Motel just north of Pemberton at an off-season rate per tent that specified no lights or room service so that we would not be interpreted by dominators or the chairman. Gordon Busby, a 54-year-old fish and vegetable farmer from Waterville in the Annapolis Valley, who grows the biggest damn onions I've ever seen, brought our supply of

graph for the week and each of us would be cook for a day. The motel allowed us to use the office unit that was equipped with a refrigerator as our kitchen. The first five of our party to arrive included Gordon, who has hunted with the bow since the mid-1950s, Neil Smith, 29, a store supervisor for Nova Scotia Light and Power in Yarmouth, 320 miles away, a novice bowman who joined the hunt for the first time, Bruce Marshall, 39, Perry Mans, 28, a lab technician with the federal government's Agricultural Research Station in Kentville, and myself. By the time we had unloaded our gear at 2 a.m. Saturday, we did not look like the usual norms in Pemberton are meant to film the Fantasy Trail, to say the highest tales in the world, to collect driftwood or rocks or fossils. And, except for me, but week and work-wornies were far behind.

The first organized thing in camp is

the bar. And after two hours of talk, and just enough drink to loosen the tongues, I noticed that the first step seemed success and survival so a hunting party was being achieved. We were confident. Perhaps it's only because I want to see it that way, but I have noticed before that when men are together for the first night before a contest — no matter how often they have met before — their stories are automatic about their worries, or someone else's, about health, sexual friends and problems they want to stand for awhile. On the fishing trip, for example, you'll tell a fellow what you think of his women, because the truth of the telling and the manner of his taking it is a gauge for each of you of the bond of trust you can expect tomorrow when you are at the other end of his canoe and approaching rapid water. I tell Perry, when I have fished with Neil, when I

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"Don't go to Madrid," they said. "There is a November, with winter coming on. Why leave all this?" They gestured down to Malaga and the lovely San Coast, "for Madrid with its reasonable climate?"

And then, that dark Sevilla and Granada far enough, why go to Madrid? Bold, crowded, smart-arsed Madrid, where there's trouble with them students? But I wanted to lose Andalusia with its tap, bowl of flamenco, and its music scribbles for the sun. Let's have winter, I'm an idiot. As it turned out, the winter weather in Madrid was sunny and balmy, with frost now and again at night and temperatures in the fifties nearly every day. Winter in Madrid, 1972-73, was the best of all climates, lively and vigorous. It made a beautiful brewer out of me, first-footed in the Andalus, a great metropolitan

We went to Madrid, by train, to the Alcala station, a great metropolitan

A SEASON IN MADRID

BY WILL READY

People picnic and picnic in the Madrid

Madrid depot. There, Moroccans in long brown with blue caftans, shed in sandals, with skull caps of a kind toppling their, mingle with Spain's colonial soldiers from Africa, on their way out or as spies, in their good quality suits, their uniforms bedeviled with palm and camel nargues. Lots of Madrileños, parliament, communists also, wearis, some of them leather-headed even in November, North American beards with blood

Adios, migrant workers on their way to Germany, tourists and policemen, always policemen of the many Spanish kinds. The winter is busy with local fairs, day men and international spectators. It's a pleasant and an education just to watch the passing parade.

The depot is just off the heart of the city, on the edge of the old metropolis. Just 40 years ago, Madrid was a city of 950,000 souls. Now it has gathered in more than 3,500,000 of the Spanish population. On the Alcala, one of the great avenues into the city's heart, there are all kinds of monuments to all kinds of Spanish history save one — their Civil War, that cut deeper and more strongly into the Spanish psyche than even the Irish one has in that disastrous country, and in both places the topic is avoided or referred to deprecatingly, to strengthen at least, as The Trouble in Ireland or

"Dígame," ("Tell me") said the driver. "¿Valdrá de Bacheo quince?" I said. He shrugged, intrigued, and nodded, bringing both his hands and eyes onto the road. "It will be a challenge," he said. "You must be a challenge to Spanish. They bluff and keep and push down the horn in protest. After all, he must have thought, Nolasco de Bacheo is a good addition to an English car. What was these people going to do with their dog and cat in their baggage, a wooden petstake, two duftbags, a raincoat with its socks and socks spring?"

The apartment is large and echoing, with barely enough furniture and highly polished floors. The walls are white, the ceiling is a faded yellow. The room they are tearing down one just like it. The noise is deafening, or would be it. At noon, but here it has to contend with the street truss, the car beeps and the sound of Madrid's morning, drawing out the sound of the trip-horn and full of misery. On every block around here, they are tearing down their apartment buildings and making in their place water, five or six blocks of houses.

The central heating, something I had heard of in a British house, was not a failed idea over Madrid by old Madrid, in 10 years of this modern convenience, but sank from being the cleanest and most airy city in Europe to being a very dirty one, where that Manzana, Orizco, on a dark November day it's the coal smoke and the car fumes exhaust that have done it. Madrid, like all cities, is clinging to death on one, so that when the black north in their tourist lantern speak of Madrid is a steadily Spanish person, it is not only the people in the high seats. I think only of a dirty British winter with belching smokestack, leached far from the Channel in the mid March days.

For all this, they, there is something sparkling in the air, smoky champagne, wafted by the sun breakfast in the fresh winter weather, and by the energy of the Madrileños who battle as if it was the last thing to consider.

They are great for parks, the people of Madrid. There are parks, and just a block and a half away, El Retiro. Despite its name, it is still a park, a park of acres big. The people are touchingly, almost unbelievably proud of their Retiro-made-made lake, a vast lake pond where, through their, next to the lake, every month, the people paddle little latin boats, sail and canoe, laughing the way they are seen in the mirror.

The parks are a favorite promenade, there's little else to do in the parks but promenade. Every day, every sunny afternoon, Madrileños take out in force, in family groups. The children are coaxed to overtake and everybody else wears their very best. They wear their

formal on their backs, Madrileños clothes are very expensive in relation to their real wages, more expensive than clothes are in Canada, for instance, and girls will continue to wear their skirts and coats, so smart as all get out, until they can afford the wide Windsor smock-wind duster and dog-sled coats. The young men too delight in their new clothes, wearing their top coats the color of the sky, with long black coats with cream silk linings.

Dog walking is another great habit in the parks. It is dangerous to walk through the streets adjacent to the park because of the dog pits, from Athens to Toronto. Madrileños, all lovingly groomed, all carefully dressed, the prevalence of police becomes immediately evident if you see some dog walks on the grass, witnesses a dog or performs some other act of impudence, like smoking in public. What then attracts a witness to look at and police, at least, come into view.

Every Sunday a Rastro day. El Rastro is a great open-air flea market that makes Patricio Linea a terrified suburban shift of one. The wide central street after street, with crowds of people in the hundreds of thousands, there without fail. Everything is there, from complimentary prints of Hitler, stone arches and gilt Madonnas salvaged or borrowed from the churches.

The Rastro is a market that draws near to the Toledo Metro station by bus, tube or private car, on foot and on horse. There are Jews chosen made of clothing, all sorts of tinware and metal work, junk, 75-penny price, dices, watches, clocks, and thousands of things, and do this in any other city comes, they're all one and the same thing. Avoid the town if you see. But all of it, travel alone or as family, and live in an apartment with a half terrace pit. ■

How to go, where to stay
Future travelers can stay at the spring, are waiting for government approval. Agents at CP Air, which flies from Montreal to Madrid via London. The following figures should hold up for a 14-day 60-day excursion. Vancouver to Madrid, \$248 in the shoulder season (April-May-September-October), \$410 high season. Toronto to Madrid \$248 and \$249. Montreal to Madrid \$230 and \$239. But check with your airline or travel agent carefully when you are booking. Madrid is a city supplied with train service at Canadian rates and above. But it also has many two- or three-hour trains (in Spanish government airline) guaranteeing some comfort. One good one is the Mark near the Plaza Mayor, which charges between 250 and 340 pesetas nightly (Canada \$2.50 to \$5.10 approximately) for a double room with shower. Accommodations in Madrid are generally more expensive than their equivalents in other parts of Spain, but the restaurants, which are many and fine, are cheaper.

Of course, you will see through it and delicately spit out the shell without missing their hands or missing a spittle. They can wear parrots, flower chains, cut away their clothes and give you a taste, all in the twinkling and good-humored decency that would make anyone of them all in Athens.

There is one quality in Madrid, more than a building, more than a collection, more than a people, that makes the corner of that city and of Madrid. This is the Prado Museum.

Sometimes I get a feeling that when night falls and the Prado is looked up the hills, the people in the picture give a sigh of relief and get out of their frames and roam around, visiting the frames are still full of their point to the guards are nothing strange, out of their world. There are, of course, some of the people who never leave the cages of their frames, like the mad ones of Goya, the flunkies and the victims of the nation of the third of May, for instance, or the folk to dying of his "black period." There are the pompous Borbonic and their women and children by the scene of Spanish artists, court painters. They are however in their frames, not standing anything like that to be executed and to strip or otherwise contemplate the millions of people who come and look at them in admiration. I could go on and on about the Prado, but I cannot get away without trying to let you know with me the Asop of Valinquez, being given a hand down from his frame by his Prado comrades.

Come to Madrid to winter. It is as good a season in Canada's late fall. Visit the Prado, with the streets, meet the people and do this in any other city comes, they're all one and the same thing. Avoid the town if you see. But all of it, travel alone or as family, and live in an apartment with a half terrace pit. ■

How to go, where to stay
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BOW HUNTER
haven't seen for years, Katie, when I've not seen Mafios, and Gordon, when I've not seen, that we just confused and explained, which is my confusion. They advised no presence.

Saturday was a good hunting day. There was a fresh cover of snow on the ground which distinguished the frozen tracks of deer movement yesterday from the fresh of today. Sunday (when Don Matruana joined our party) was a day of rest and fast, and quiet in the night. I was also an opportunity for target practice behind the motel and with four other hunting parties. One of our visitors was John Schramm from Johnstown, Cape Breton. And his was the first time and story that reflected the nature of the bow hunt for me.

The day before we arrived John was having alone in a rain and wet snowfall to cover his snow. With the weather to cover his snow, he ran a circle around their path of the bow. He was drawing out on a dog when he saw the 10-point buck coming straight at him. The four razor-sharp blades of his broadsword arrow found their small mark between the forebushes of the running deer and cut it off at the top of the head. In a few seconds it would be lifeless. But he was having alone and it would be an impossible day to track if it was not a vast hit. He lodged another arrow in the chest cavity, and the deer lay dead. This was his first kill in eight years. He held a record for the most deer known to be killed with a bow in Nova Scotia. Near his home John had always been able to bag his limit of deer with the rifle, and it might seem easy. That day he found a deer and a spooked skunk. That day he brought up the rifle. It was easy.

His story prompted others in the camp about the slaughter of an average of six deer a year before both the necessary for meat and for poaching. As one story went, "I killed 12 when I was 12 years old, 13 the next year and I kept that up until I was 17, that year I made a mistake. I killed 18." All the stories had a familiar pattern. As the ability to kill deer was learned with high precision, woodcraft, rifle and telescopic sight, the weapons itself — not changes in deer populations, regulations or encouragement on the animal's habitat — was spoiling the sport and the hunter. An hunter depended less on his own skill to overcome the obstacles, he was screening himself from the consequences of his action.

When I asked John why he hung up the rifle, the answer was not in his reply, "I had just had enough, I bore a '72, but in every last in our local town. This archer's' faces held that empty feeling you get when the thing is over and there is no rack of meat, responsibility on your conscience, just another notch on

the rifle. The bow is a delicate instrument that will not stand notches, an killing power depends on your ability to get within range that lies the deer's subtle movements of caution and action with its own kind, and your strength and control in drawing and releasing, because the noise around you hear will not be the loud report of the weapon, but the sound of flesh and bone cutting and the noise that comes from the throat of the animal.

I want to tell about two more times that help describe that moment of the last and its aftermath. But first an explanation is necessary.

"Statutory, a reservation where animals or birds are sheltered for breeding purposes and may not be hunted or otherwise molest." (Webster's New World Dictionary) is a state controlled, first a statutory at the center. In 1958 a sheltered breeding ground of 85 square miles was provided at Chignecto. The hunter wanted to conserve his game, the non-hunting public wanted to preserve it. The extensive investigation of government created a division of information for 35,000 acres of continually cut and burned wilderness. When resource conservation on page 88

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BOW HUNTER

management had passed from public, through political, to the hands of the specialist — as it must — the biologist recognized that, through neglect, the "sanctuary" could become a mortality. Survey from 1941 to 1961 found, not surprisingly, that the deer sought an inadequate man-made haven. When the whitetail headed toward winter deer yards in, and adjacent to, the "sanctuary" — lured by annual glutamones as well as the seasonal food outside the reservation boundaries — it was headed for a browsing food supply already 88% depleted by the resident summer herd.

The presence of the white-tailed deer should be regarded as a glaring failure of mankind like those we domesticate and feed in winter — cattle and sheep. However, survival has demanded an evolutionary change. Before the snow threatened to cover its grasp food supply, the deer began to browse on woody feed. A gradual transition converts the digestive bacteria in the animal's stomach to successfully accept the often sub-standard diet of the harsh winter months. The process must reverse in the spring of course, as the snow melts to the rain. This gradual adaptation develops a healthy herd. Over-browsing, inhuman sources of food, early winter, late spring, or an abrupt transition may result in death by starvation and complete breakdown of the sanctuary which.

Thundering Hill is a winter deer yard at the edge of the sanctuary which has a south-facing open blueberry field where passing motorists have cooped heads of up to 100 deer making their transition to summer diet.

In the spring of 1961 a biological survey team discovered more than 80 deer carcasses. Half of these showed evidence of death caused by malnutrition. This sampling and the 30 years of forest ranger reports that preceded the biologist suggested that as many as 1,000 deer had been wasted on the sanctuary since 1951. So the rifle hunter was allowed a special season on the sanctuary as an aid of wildlife management. Harvest of game has become the equivalent of human birth control where the herd is in danger of self-destruction. Since 95 riflemen harvested 61

deer during the first controlled hunt in the fall of 1961. Age, weight, and other vital statistics gleaned from these 61 specimens revealed that, in comparison with other areas of the province, the herd at Chagrin was large, weak and old. In 1966 another special hunt was granted the riflemen. The results showed a slight increase in the health of the herd. In 1975 there was a kill of 115 deer. There would be fewer hoots beating on Thundering Hill, but deer would be lost starvation. The riflemen has not been invited back to the sanctuary. He enjoys his regular season outside its boundaries where the rate of kill is at the same level.

From 1969 to 1972 the Nova Scotia archers have been allowed to assist in the experimental game management. The Nova Scotia Archers Association requested, through the Nova Scotia Wildlife Federation, permission of the province to seek refuge from the rifle hunter. In his camouflage the bow hunter does bring resources for game by the riflemen. Regulations governing equipment and the ability of the archer were approved. The association knows archery or knowledge and skill before he is qualified to hunt. In the last three years the bow hunters, numbering as high as 80, harvested only four deer per season. Last year 44 bowmen killed just one. This performance conforms to the ideals of recreational sport — high, non-consumptive use of the resource, but a lot not proven a suitable game management technique (with its low consumptive removal of animals).

The bowman, quite obviously, is not as proficient a killer as the person with the rifle. The nature of the weapon is usually debated in terms of its effect on the victim. During the hunt I became fascinated with the effect the weapon had on the victim.

The bow hunters' own stories of their conversion to the bow and arrow about the 1961 and 1966 rifle hunts at Chagrin indicate that the weapon does produce a different breed of killer. I cannot find one instance which led to any one refusal to hunt deer four years ago. Once, I had noticed the safety sign before a man and his son — whom I heard walking in the broken step of a

deer — emerged from the cover of thick woods in brown jackets. I did not like the tone in my mouth when I spoke to them and tried to pretend that I had not been waiting to shoot one of these for the past 10 minutes. The second incident occurred when hunting with my younger brother one day. Two men on a ridge above the swamp we were camping decided to take a couple of shots in his general direction. When he shouted, they laughed and fired two more. That's the behavior we usually call sensible.

I watched for it in the archers. As we tried to get closer to the animals a warning to new behavior occurred. Raine told us how he passed up two fawns the second day. He kept talking about their fuzzy noses and giggled his own each time he told it. He didn't get down on all fours, but when he extended his arms and stretched forward on his toes, we knew which way the arrow was supposed to be firing, and when he relaxed, he moved, we knew one of the fawns was a buck. Don described the fawn that lay down at the base of his tree stand for over an hour, he engaged himself by studying how long she showed her tail before overhanging. He admired the larger size saying the bigger she seemed to get. He told us again what she was doing, holding out his watch, extending his chin and chewing. "Poity-dee seconds, you little bitch!" And, at some times used on a woman, it was a time of affection, because he didn't want to shoot the fawn.

Harry Moore, 38, who could not get away from his tobacco farm at Somerset, in the Antigonish Valley, until Thursday, was the first member to join our party. Harry first handed rabbits with an Indian type hat bow that he made himself when he was 13. On Friday he crept off the sanctuary road into the woods and a perfect shot at a large buck. The quick bark of the bowman's arrow did not close to his right that he was splashed with water and moss when he jumped. Four other deer also started. The arrow struck a mark behind the buck's forehead, but the buck disappeared with his few companions. The arrow stopped in the dead piece of hardwood that had been invisible and he moved. But being accepted for a moment by six deer made Harry's hunt.

And everyone has his story of how he believes the deer are communicating with one another. The upright whitetail exposing white thighs, the danger sign which gave the deer its name, that when the tail is down it flicks for warning. If the deer wants to account for her straggling fawns, she stamps a forefoot, and they come running to her. Another visitor we had was Keith Schofield, a woodsman from Mariposa. He can have all the liquor he wants, because he is a lay, but we want him to play

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Why do your homeowners insurance bills keep going up?

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BOW HUNTER

the guitar and do his bear call which can be heard in the woods up to two miles, tonight a waken up two fellows three miles away. Then he is down on the floor with his hands cupped around his mouth, face in face with two others teaching them the m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m-m but the deer use. It sounds like a sharp on a low frequency. It stopped deer every time I heard Perry use it through the woods, except the day he saw such a big buck that he commented and it came out in the shrill sound of a laugh that had been preached in a tender spot. The buck never looked back.

After he has made the 12-string guitar talk, Kirk and his brother Carline demonstrate number call which sounds like deer grunting three notes. And Gordon reminds us of what it's like to be an adolescent with his explanations for the stupidity of the speakers who are capable of breeding his first deer, but is not quite sure when it's all about, just about the time he tries it, some old buck ending that does will give him an answer. So he walks around in a confused state. We have seen the man the buck makes by peering the ground around the roots of a tree that offers him an overwhelming laugh on which he sometimes has an answer at the same time. It's in the net he leaves his scent for the deer. If you wait steadily, one of them will be along, or he will be back to see if he still has something going. By the end of the week when an attractive woman passes the motel or drops into the store where we are getting supplies, one of the archers will join with his foot. It sounds like someone made by men without their women? Maybe. But when you look up behind another archer and blow the whistling from the back or doe can be worn of danger, he turns slowly, repeatedly and studies the background until he makes you out through your camouflage. His arrows are still in his quiver, he has not taken aim at the direction of the store, and you are not dead with his next move.

Perhaps the most important territory I had was protected by Glen's deer. Glen, 26, a CN truck driver from Timon, was one of the fellows weakened by the bear call back at the motel. Almost half of the 50 pieces of thermal on this wall were his. (Each time a man was recorded the bow hunter identified a piece of his shirt.) Each day he had gotten closer. This day some roads in the sanctuary were closed after a heavy rain, Glen walked along several miles to the spot he wanted to hunt. Most of us were tired to walk. We drove to a new spot for the day. That night some of us sat up with him, drank beer and talked until his drawn face liked and he could sleep. At not more than 15 yards he had the largest buck he had ever seen. When he

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How do they make
Maraca Rum so light?

BOW HUNTER

last saw it has arrow was lodged high in its back, but he had missed the spread cord. He tracked it for four hours that day, before he lost it where it apparently crossed a brook.

His face looked like one I had seen almost 15 years earlier. It was the face of a rabbit hunter who had shot a friend, at our party of five, in both legs. It was purely an accident, five hunters forgot to keep up their whistle signals to indicate their locations. We carried him half a mile through the woods and drove 17 miles to the doctor's office. The fellow who had pulled the trigger held the first leg, then he said he wanted to get some fresh air. I saw his face as he left. I offered to hold the second leg. Now I knew what he felt. We were both imagining what it would have been like if the shot had hit the face instead of the legs. I asked someone else to help the doctor. I needed fresh air. Everything was under control now and the shock of killing one of your own kind fades. It was only an imagined killing, a possibility, but one that we did not want to have to face.

Before Glen finally smiled that night and dozed he would sleep and tomorrow walk the stream to see the deer had floundered in the water, he said "You know what Tilden does tomorrow if I see my buck?" Someone said, "You'll jump it." "Yeah, I don't care how cold it is, but you know the first thing I'll do when I get up to hunt?" "Kill him," somebody else said. "It'll kill him." Glen said that moment Glen's face reminded me of my foreman 15 years ago when I heard the call for help as one friend fired a shot into another friend.

There was that, but then there was also the evening in the corner store where I first realized that, with one wit and camouflage, we looked laughable, no matter how much we bought. The children there used to say "Here come the cowboys." I suppose they hadn't seen the boys in the vehicle. We resembled another woman of the area's black-headed coal miners, some of them once employed as work crew in the sanctuary. But this night in the corner store a couple and their three-year-old boy, who came in while we were there, saw us for the first time, they kept their backs to the wall. I sensed no joking or banter between the boy's parents and the proprietress of the store. In my three-dollar royal-decked Saxon fishing hat, painted face and beard, army twillies, combat jacket, pants and boots, all camouflaged, I found myself backing against the wall while I waited for one of the other archers. The three-year-old was snoring motions like the deer, never taking his eyes off of us until we drove away. He seemed to remember something. My notebook is empty, but I haven't forgotten him either. ■

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in ghostly spirits and any other kind of spook. Alex Vandal was the greatest wicked man in our area and he behaved with his heart and soul in the devil. He would tell about the time he came home from playing poker for three nights. His wife and 16 children were asleep in the shack and it was fairly dark. His wife's sewing machine was beside the bed and as he came in the little drawer in the bottom opened and a devil the size of his hand crept out and jumped to the floor. Alex said he froze in terror. As it leaped on the floor, it got bigger and bigger until it was taller than him. Its

eyes were red like fire and its tail stretched. It snarled and snarled at Alex. "I helped you win the games, Alex, now I've come for your soul." Alex came to his senses and it pulled out his money and held it in front of the devil who then disappeared.

And to the stories would go. The owls hooted and we would draw closer to our parents and grandmothers and they would hold to themselves would again hold the fire up until finally we all went to bed, paralyzed with fear. Then, after lying quietly for a few minutes, we would have to go to the toilet. Dad and Mom

would never take us out, so our grandmothers would have to remember being so frightened that it couldn't pass for the longest time, and I nearly fainted whenever a dog howled or branches moved in the wind. Soon the story would be quiet, the silence broken once in a while by a mother screaming to her baby, awakened perhaps by the howl of a coyote or a wolf.

We worked like horses during the daytime. Groove-ups would compete to see whose family picked the most roots or berries and parents would drive the children like slaves, yelling insults to each other all the while. Come supper-time and everyone would gather around while the old people weighed it all to see who had picked the most.

We had bad times during these trips too. For as much as we all looked forward to going to town, we knew our fathers would get drunk. The day would come when we had enough strong roots and berries to sell, so we would all get bathed, load the wagon and go. The townspeople would stand on the sidewalks and harrass us all as some would say, "Half-breeds are at town, hide your valuables." If we walked into stores the white women and their children would leave and the storekeepers' wives sons and daughters would watch that we didn't steal anything. I noticed a change in my parents' and other adults' attitudes. They were happy and proud until we drove into town, then everyone became quiet and looked different. The men walked in front, looking straight ahead, their eyes behind and — I can never forget this — they had their hands down and never looked up. We kids trailed behind with our grandmothers on each the same manner.

When I first noticed this I asked Momma why we had to walk as though we had done something bad and she answered, "Never mind, you'll understand when you're older." But it made up my mind then and there that I would never walk like them. I would walk tall and

continued on page 24

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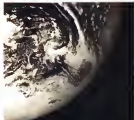
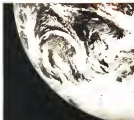
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CTV



continued

BY JOHN HOFESS



Canadian legend

Kamouraska: A Dazzling Achievement

hats of both which *Les Moricors* represent. She performs consistently with great dignity and gives the film its only touch of class.

Two People producer-director Robert Woot (*The Sound of Music*) has hit the low point in his career with this reasonably mediocre love story starring Peter Onorati as Erna Bonner, a doctor from Vietnam who meets a fashion model, Danyelle McCloskey (Lindsay Wagner). It's two different worlds and all that sort of thing, a theme which is almost impossible to change any changes on. Set in the 1970s, a brief German story looks a lot like one, and Fonda and Wagner give one little reason to be interested in their romantic agonies.

Wait a year, it'll be on television. Tom Sawyer children's entertainment parks up considerably with this Arthur P. Jacob's production, financed by *Reader's Digest* and United Artists, a musical version of the Mark Twain

RECOMMENDED THIS MONTH

KAMOURASKA A towering classic by Claude Jutra courtesy of the World Premiere in Quebec. **THE KAMOURASKA** BY John Hoffman. Directed by Hoffman. Dan Galt is a Jewish doctor who gives an Israeli child's life by Louis Joffe who made *The Railway Children*. **CARNIVAL** DANCE Canadian minor film by Ivan Reitman based on a book and shock

John Hoffman is a Canadian film director and critic

story, well acted by Walt Disney child-actor actress Johnny Whitaker, Celeste Holm, Warren Oates and Kuno Markl as Bryan Joe. If the terrible folk music seems odd, it is at least not done too thoroughly mannered, and the film is never guilty of falling down to a child's level. The few songs by Robert and Richard Sherman are simply and a little likable. It's a thoroughly creditable rendering of an American classic. **The Long Goodbye** Robert Altman's uneven career (*M*A*S*H*, *Brewster McCarty*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, *Swing*, among others) takes a small surge in this barbed wire satire starring Elliott Gould as Raymond Chandler's private detective, Philip Marlowe, in a plot with so many loose ends that one wonders Altman's *Miss Mapple* would arrive on the scene to tidy things up. The film is less of a mystery than an excuse for violence and it may represent a cynical shift by Altman, after the generally negative response to his last film *Jeans*, to make a film that talks by appealing to buster and more elementary passions in the winging public. Elliott Gould remains a rather here-and-there actor, but turns in an acceptable, low-keyed performance. It's a film aimed squarely at the gut.

Sister the first feature by Howard Zief (who created the *Alma Sittler* commercials) that set sides, starting with the line "try it, you'll like it," and "I can't believe I ate the whole thing" is one long preposterous punch line that never occurs. It's a film aimed squarely at the gut. **Yosemite** Luchino Visconti (*Death in Venice*, *The Damned*) has really come a cropper with his latest film. At 67 and in impaired health Visconti seems able only to parody himself in this sluggish treatment of the Bretonne monarch King Ludwig II (Helmut Berger), too effete to be probably effective. It's not that there is something in his past that Visconti adds nothing new. The cast consisting of Trevor Howard as composer Richard Wagner, Romy Schneider in Empress Elisabeth of Austria, Silvana Mangano as Wagner's mistress, among others, are fine, but Visconti seems stuck in there interested in the opulent excesses of decadence than in the political consequences, and that makes his approach seem more superficially hypocritical than profound. Ludwig is a link between aesthetic pleasure and political realities, that Visconti always on the risk of taking one, and he fails here. The film is long, the pleasures few and marginal. ■



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CPMR 1240	Genre	CPMR 1070	Moncton	CPMR 1070	Winnipeg	CPMR 1210	Calgary	CPMR 910	Winnipeg
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The arrival in Canada of alternative schools presents a new challenge for public education. Should these schools become inside or outside public school systems?

This new breed of school is difficult to categorize. Though sharing some of the features of the "free schools" which blossomed during the 1960s, most possess slightly more "structure" and are geographically closer to the public school ideal.

The New School in Vancouver, despite its name, is the oldest of this new breed. In its eleventh year of operation, the New School now houses 60 elementary school pupils and six teachers in an old store on the city's east end. Begun as a parent cooperative, it is under the direction of its teaching staff.

Toronto has fostered similar variety of alternative school organization over the past four years — alternatives within the public system. These schools have assumed unusual names — SEED (Shared Experience Exploration and Discovery), an ungraded secondary school; ALPHA (A Lot of People Helping For A Moment), a non-structured elementary school; CONTACT, a secondary school for dropouts; and Laneway School, a primary school emphasizing reading and writing.

The existence of such schools in Vancouver and Toronto is not surprising; these were the leading centers of the free school movement during the mid- and late 1960s. More surprising is the spread of alternative schools to other cities — the Saturday School in Calgary, the Free School in Saskatoon, the Grassroots in Regina, the Lyceum in Winnipeg, Dream Machine Free School in Hamilton, and Odyssey House Community School in St. Catharines. Some have been short-lived ventures while others seem well established.

But is a precarious future, especially for the alternatives operating outside public school systems. A reluctance to impose high fees and a scarcity of outside funding contribute to continual financial crises for many. And the strategy required of the founding group of parents or teachers usually operates within a year or two.

If small groups are so committed to alternative approaches in schooling, should provision be made for keeping these minority ventures inside public school systems? At least two Canadian cities — Toronto and Victoria — think so.

The Toronto board of education has a committee on alternative schools which has proposed a series of different groups of parents and teachers. If they are approved, the group is given discretion upon, select its staff from within the board's ranks, and is eligible for supplies and equipment for its operation on the

BY ROBERT M. STAMP



Adopting the need

Paying For Those "Free" Schools

ways have as the "regular" schools. The Greater Victoria school board plans to open two alternative schools in September — representing "the left and right poles of learning." One will be rigidly disciplined, the other will give children more freedom.

Victoria school administrators have accepted the fact that no consensus exists among the public on how children should be educated. Director of curriculum John Wren put it this way: "To do our job properly, we had to know what the public wanted, and it soon became clear that a single answer was not enough." What parents wanted, he said, was a variety of schools and freedom of choice — just like they have with doctors, churches and supermarkets.

Of course most Canadian school boards have expanded the range of choice within recent years — plurigrade choice (academics or vocational), accelerated choice (open one school or self-contained classrooms), even language choice (English or French). The question for the future is whether they will follow the lead of Toronto and Victoria in pursuing a greater degree of philosophical choice. How far will they go toward encouraging dedicated minorities to establish alternative schools?

Any public school system that encourages alternatives is bound to encounter some critical questions.

Will it cost more money? Won't even of these alternative ventures be relatively small, and therefore result in higher per-pupil costs? Supporters can insist that this problem would be over-

come if alternative schools recruited part or all of their own administrative and personnel costs. Any group committed to an alternative philosophy could quite legitimately be expected to bear some of those responsibilities.

Won't alternative schools remove young children from the security of their own neighborhoods? This question assumes that all children are actually secure in their present schools, it also determines the adaptability of most children in new situations.

Won't alternative schools fragment society? Won't they help destroy whatever cohesion remains in modern life? There is certainly a danger of the happening if the fragments become too extreme and polarized, unable to mesh and to make positive contributions. Some broad limits might have to be placed on the philosophies that would be permitted.

The positive encouragement of alternatives would bring some direct benefits to public school boards. It would allow systems to make use of those embarrassing vacant classrooms in inner-city neighborhoods. It would also give public systems an opportunity to maintain initiative and prestige as leaders in educational innovation. It would disarm those negative critics who tend to condemn public school systems as impossible to reform and change.

Alternative school supporters also claim benefits for society as a whole. Public support of alternatives would open the doors to participation for economically disadvantaged groups in society, the cost of public schooling has historically denied them such opportunity. Most important of all it offers less alienation in large, impersonal urban settings, it enables individuals to find communities of interest.

The Calgary public school board is currently debating the question of alternative schools as a priority for future action. In the coming months other school systems across the country will have to face up to the question.

Perhaps the response from individual school trustees will reflect their own view of the future. For some it is a future of substantial conformity imposed from above. For others it is a future of divergence and change with small groups changing in the future-making process and making their own choices in terms of education, the means, communities of wisdom, students and parents jointly deciding on the particular approach to schooling they believe best.

Until now this has only been the possible of people were prepared to go outside public education. If we wish an ongoing future for public schooling, then perhaps provision must be made for alternatives within the system. ■

Robert M. Stamp teaches in the faculty of education at the University of Calgary.

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Theatre in the Maritimes is getting almost rocky this season. Directors are pushing to extend seasonal tolerance for Canadian plays and convincing local entrepreneurs to subsidize development at a time when they might have contacted themselves with more survival.

Holifox's Neptune Theatre into its tenth season this year, has turned away from the increasingly dependable to produce three Canadian plays, deliberately taking a drop in attendance. The Neptune success is a tribute to the work of founding director Leon Major, now director of Toronto's St. Lawrence Centre, who left after four years, in 1967. Second Stage and Pier One, two other Halifax theatre groups are deep into some experimental and other, more traditional works.

This past January in Fredericton, Theatre Nova Brunswick, under the shared direction of Walter Leonard, celebrated its fourth anniversary. And in Charlottetown, where the long-established Charlottetown Festival has held a virtual monopoly on Prince Edward Island theatre, yet another company has opened its tender heart to the work of Ron Irving, who has had naming Forest's children's theatre activities and in Newfoundland, playwright Michael Cook is talking about establishing a theatre company in St. John's, perhaps part of the summer arts festival at the St. John's Arts Centre.

Why have the Maritimes become so theatrically alive?

Pretty, no doubt, because of the Canada Council's good luck in the Fifth of July celebration, a true signpost of the country. But also the Maritimes have benefited from the success of theatre in the rest of Canada, and that, in its turn, can be explained as part of the overall striving within the Canadian people—as audiences, off, or at home. It's a search for a sense of identity.

One can certainly see this tanning of the sun, this conversion of a region's attitude—as well as resources and soul—as a relationship to, entirely, through the Maritimes Program, at all of these theatres is blossoming increasingly Canadian.

As the Neptune this season, *Color The Flesh The Color Of God*, Newfound Island playwright Michael Cook's best, Brooklyn history of early life in the Maritimes, which deserves a much better production than artistic director Robert Sherman was able to give it. Joseph Rattley's *Liberty To The Wind*, an over-the-hill remote in genre and audience, which is a play, a play, by director Keith Turnbull, and David French's Maritimes drama *Leaving Home*, which has become one of Canada's most successful and profitable scripts, has already earned \$30,000 for



The Pushy Players Down East

to watch, and has been nationally televised by CBC as well as performed in Montreal, Toronto and Calgary.

Of the remaining four plays on Neptune's schedule — *Love, Canada*, *Pier One* and *The Good Soldier Selwyn* (which is likely to be replaced by *An Indian Love Affair*) — one can begin to see an abrupt move away from American influence, which is, of course, another aspect of the search for a Canadian identity.

The situation is roughly the same at both Second Stage and Pier One. Both have consistently emphasized Canadian work with Pier One going a step further and emphasizing, whenever possible, Halifax work. In its 18 months of existence Pier One has averaged better than one new production a month, and of the two scripts by Halifax playwright Arne McIntosh which were on when I was there are two productions (McIntosh's *Leaves and Olive Playhouse*) showing the level of work is certainly drastically increasing, even if not always drastically important.

In Fredericton, too, there is at least lip service to the Canadian playwright *Leaving Home* is on the schedule and, while there is only one Canadian play among the seven being offered, none of the others is American. They include the English farce *How The Gruesome*, Brian Stiller's *Donkeys* (a play which this year has become the May, May of North American regional theatre), *The Park*, *Rock Me*, *Man, Monkey, Bird In A Hat* and *Will And Living In Paris* to show which earlier had successful runs in To-

Don Rubin is a free-lance theatre critic

rono. Montreal, Vancouver and Calgary and Shakespeare's *Globe*. Fredericton, which is in the most solid shape in terms of audience, is still caught between catering to an audience that demands pop and its own desire to enhance quality in programming.

As for Charlottetown, long the bastion for Canadian musical theatre, the new Confederation Centre Theatre Company is operating on a somewhat different basis. Under Ron Irving's direction the company is composed of about a dozen young professional actors who spend more time touring the island than they do playing in Charlottetown. They're attempting to develop an audience with a far better success which has the company offering some form of Shakespeare in the island's high schools, dramatizing social problems (a tale of drug addiction) for schools and clubs, running weekly workshops in music, movement, voice and theatre games for anyone interested (attendance is about 40 people a week) and from time to time they even stage full productions. At Christmas time was done at Confederation Centre Theatre Company. In February *Spain* from *Andalus* followed. Later in the season there were tentative plans to stage Tom Gribble's Maritimes tragedy *Amadeus* *And* *Love*, a play which is its parent form (Square Deal Publications, Charlottetown) showed some real promise but needed both developing and "cancelling." The Charlottetown company is working with captive audiences (the schools) for the most part and isn't yet there where it should be.

What is being attempted by the Charlottetown company is education—in the best sense of the word—of the public to make sure an audience does develop. Halifax is probably at the moment perhaps the most important place. There have been down there 10% according to Neptune Theatre officials, and I suspect it is because the city's three theatres are all doing too much new work for local audiences. Gradually, perhaps, in the course of Second Stage and Pier One, but "too far out" was the cry I heard again and again in the lobby of the Neptune. Which suggests that artistic director Robert Sherman may have misjudged the audience's taste.

But it is a calculated risk he took when Neptune opted for three Canadian plays in a single season. They only did no Canadian plays during the past previous seasons and Sherman expected to lose some subscribers who would not be induced back again for a couple of years.

However, *Love To The Wind* drew a 75.5% capacity house and last season's average was only a little better than 50%. Perhaps he'll get away with it. ■

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BOOKS

BY PHYLLIS GROSSKURTH



Greville Gibson

Listening To Our Storytellers

There is rich ground lying at hand, waiting to be explored. "Canadian writers," Godfrey says, "have never looked at things with enough complexity, partly from just not seeing what was there."

Despite their size and wider audience, some of the writers continue to feel isolated within their own society, as though they belonged to some odd and unrepresentable species. The public, they suspect, is largely indifferent to their work. "People don't understand fiction in this country," complains Miriam Engel (Gibson). Collinghouse rages about our "impress hoisted of exaltation" (Cameron).

Few of the complaints, especially the older ones, have been influenced by, or have ever admitted, other Canadian writers. Margaret Atwood is the striking exception, one claims that her writing was completely shaped by the discovery, when she was about 21, of the Canadian poem in a friend's bookcase.

She also passionately believes that a writer must create out of his room. "The only sort of good, authentic kind of thing to have," she tells Gibson, "is something that comes out of the place where you are, or shall we put it another way and say the reality of your life." Some writers, however, are concerned that the mounting nationalism of the past few years is dangerously bordering the point Collinghouse, for example, "Right now the nationalism that's floating around has the poets turning politicians, novelists turning politicians, novelists using Americans, novelists losing their whole sense of character identification."

Phyllis Grosskurth is a literary critic and winner of a Governor General's Award

and the measure of their talents on the strength of their opposition to the United States. What has this got to do with writing? "Nothing whatever."

But David Godfrey is gravely troubled about American take-over. "One thing you want to do," he tells Cameron, "for moral reasons, to save the world, is to keep America out of Canada and away from all those resources." Other writers who spoke of it felt their basic responsibility was to their work, but Godfrey's defiant posture is that "everyone has a responsibility in society," and their art comes when writing must be put aside.

Godfrey has been involved in the establishment of two publishing houses, Anansi and New Press, both founded to foster Canadian writing. He is intensely involved in his present life, and for all its limitations believes Canada is a good place to live; in any event it's his place. Similarly, it makes a great deal to Margaret Laurence that her books are read by Canadians. "The response of your own people tells you something about how greatly you have spoken" (Gibson). Robertson Davies, asked about retirement elsewhere, replies, "To leave this country would be like cutting off my feet" (Cameron).

But none of the English Canadians seems the deep contentment emanating from his community that Roch Carrier feels in Quebec. For him the dynamism of his society allows a personal fulfillment. "I am learning everything," the novel-in-progress tells Cameron, "I am learning life, I am learning a new way of writing." When he is writing, "I become the her."

Form seems to be of little importance to Canadian writers. A number of them emphasize a primary concern with the creation of character and the coming up of truth as they see it. Roch Carrier has his view of himself as novelist. "I think it's a novel often, and if I have one book behind me that's the most I can hope for. If it can be said that I was an honest writer for my times, I would consider I've done my work well, but there are very large demands."

The best interviews in either book are one with those with the writers who concentrate on their own creative problems, but those who show curiosity about the world as a whole. As Dawson explains to Cameron why he admires Jung, we see a wonderfully female and requiring intellect in play. Collinghouse's thoughts on memory are those of a deeply committed because being Godfrey's comments about low and high society are the expression of an extraordinarily reflective yet sharp-edged mind. Everything Margaret Laurence says is infused with warmth.

Porcupine, but big people seem to make the biggest novels. ■

make it with Gilbey's the tall 'n frosty one



Canadian writers are a bewildered lot these days — they are suddenly being noticed. A small instance of madness of indigenous authors is hating the bookstores, and one, Margaret Atwood's *Survival*, no outlier of threats in Canadian literature, is on the best-seller list. Those who have actually published two books are experiencing the heady new sensation of public celebrity.

Signs of the times are Greville Gibson's *If Canadian Novelists* (Anansi, \$11.95) and Donald Cameron's *Governance With Canadian Novelists* (Macmillan, \$11.95). Cameron doesn't give any explanation for his choice of writer Gibson, in his introduction, candidly admits he taped his interview. "I had somebody appear in town." Both books provide a reasonably representative selection, although Gibson includes no Quebec novelist and Cameron gives us two out of 19. In both books we hear from Margaret Robison, Timothy Fyfe, David Godfrey, Margaret Laurence, and Jack Ladwig — although they encourage to talk about different things. Cameron's book has a substantial annotated bibliography of the writers involved.

Cameron's book is a bit more professional job in all respects. He tells the story skillfully, prefacing each interview with a deft splash of the situation. His dialogues have the flavor of face conversations in which two interesting people casually pick up a thread of a small concern. With Gibson, on the other hand, one always senses that it is an interview — there is an artificial structure and pace to the discussion. He has three or four standard questions which he seems determined to ask, even at the cost of his own clarity in the thrust of the talk.

In both books the writers emerge as strongly individualistic and highly diverse. Apart from conventional to their craft they seem to have only one thing in common: a dislike for the narrow confines of their Canadian background. "O. M. Muehl" is unique in his lyrical description of his prairie boyhood. Rocher recalls the Montreal of his youth as "half-fascinated and extraordinarily boring and powerful" (Gibson). Most of the older writers with Hugh MacLennan that they were making a crazy gamble in trying to make a living at writing. "When I started writing, I really wanted and groused when I thought Canada was what I was stuck with" (Cameron). "For a long time," Atwood says, "Canada was regarded as the sticks, not only by people outside the country but by people in it" (Gibson). Many lament the lack of an established "mythology" from which to draw Canadians, they complain, have no heroes and find their history unexciting — a syndrome which Godfrey calls "our English-Canadian death-wish" (Cameron) that many feel

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